The Literary Digest

NEW YORK, JANUARY 10, 1931

TOPICS OF THE DAY

Civil War in the Republican Party

AND NOT SO VERY CIVIL, EITHER. Republicans in high places in government and party control are quarreling in print, and the quarrel flares high and spreads wide.

What a Christmas for President Hoover! As Morris D. Irvin notes in the Cincinnati *Times-Star:* "Last year the White House caught fire on Christmas Eve; this year it was the Republican party that caught on fire." And in Washington they think that "the fire will not dwindle until after the Republican party convention in 1932," so Edward B. Clark reports in the Chicago *Evening Post.*

"Too Much Christmas?"
"Gosh No—Anything But!"

—Spencer in the Omaha "World-Herald."

Of course it all started with the attempt of Mr. Lucas to read Senator Norris out of the party; then the Senator came back at Mr. Lucas, and Senators Brookhart and Borah and Cutting all leapt to Mr. Norris's defense, while leaders in the Republican party organization, like Mr. Nutt and Mr. Wood, promptly put their O.K. on Mr. Lucas. Insurgent Senators passed remarks to the effect that President Hoover hadn't always been 100 per cent. Republican, and Senator Brookhart dragged Secretary Mellon into the affair by saying that Mr. Lucas was "only a little malignant wart under the toe-nail of this big personality." All this in Christmas week!

THIS led the philosopher, John Dewey, to think that the time had come, in the words of the Washington *Star*, "to put a little more philosophy into politics." So he wrote to Senator Norris and said it would be the logical thing for the Senator to head a liberal third party. And the Senator came right back with the reply, in effect, that it might be logical, but not at all practical. Whereupon the discussion widened until all the editors in the country were asking each other, What is a Republican, and Why is a party, and What will happen in 1932?

At any rate, "political Washington is divided into warring camps to-day as at no time since 1912," writes Theodore G. Joslin in a Washington dispatch to the Boston *Transcript* (Rep.). He continues:

"The gladiators are Republicans real versus pseudo, with the Democrats assuming the characteristic rôle of spectators, cheering on the contestants, and caring not which side wins, for, whatever the outcome, they will be the beneficiaries.

"It is a battle to the death, with hate at white heat.

"The reason for the battle is the disclosure that Robert H. Lucas, executive director of the Republican National Committee, sought surreptitiously to bring about the defeat of Senator George W. Norris of Nebraska in the last election.

"The struggle extends far beyond these two principals. Each and every renegade is lining up behind the Nebraskan, while the regulars are marshaling their forces about the national committee official who dared to undermine the insurgent leader in his home State.

"For that matter, all Washington is taking sides with the principals, sensing that ten years of squabbling has come out in the open at last, and eager to take a hand in the fray.

"The troubles of the Hoover Administration, even the problems of the nation, are bound up in the battle that has burst so unexpectedly, reddening the whole political horizon.

"Whatever the outcome, the Republican party is in an awful fix, with the Democratic party in a better position than ever before to capture the Federal Government in 1932."

UNDOUBTEDLY, suggests David Lawrence in a Consolidated Press dispatch, "the regulars would have the support of business interests which feel that the insurgent group has been hostile." Indeed, we read on—

"The cry raised by Senator Norris is that the so-called 'Power Trust' had a lot to do with the setting up of opposition to him in Nebraska. The episode has in it great possibilities of political warfare inside the Republican party such as led to the split in 1912, and the ultimate triumph of the Democratic party."

OF course, "the Democratic party is facing troubles enough of its own, as will surely appear later." But, observes the New York *Times* (Ind. Dem.)—

"These are neither so imminent nor so serious as those which at present are making the Republican managers haggard with apprehension.

"In addition to disputes over patronage and the prospect of sharp dissensions between the Eastern and Western wings of their party, they can not escape feeling themselves under the shadow of the irrepressible question of Prohibition. It worked havoc with the Democratic party in 1928, but in 1932 the sword will be thrust into the vitals of the Republican party.

"We may be sure that its most astute politicians are still studying carefully the election returns of November, 1930.

"From them one certain inference has to be drawn. It is that the Republicans could have no hope of electing a President in

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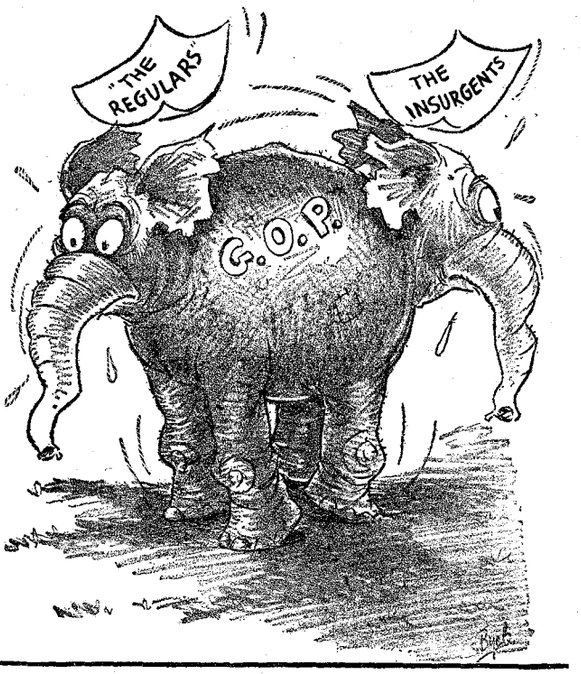

Who Says Two Heads Are Better Than One?
—Byck in the Brooklyn "Times."

1932 who should take his stand as an unqualified dry. It would be impossible to figure out how he could win without the electoral votes of Illinois, Ohio, New York, and Massachusetts. Thus this remains the great unsettled issue which will have no pity for the repose of the Republican party."

WHAT the Progressives will really do, thinks Clinton W. Gilbert of the New York *Evening Post*, "probably will be to enter a candidate, or perhaps more than one candidate, in the 1932 contest for delegates against President Hoover." The two names that Mr. Gilbert hears spoken of most frequently in this connection are Gov. Gifford Pinchot and Senator William E. Borah. "Thus the Progressives first will try to nominate a Progressive Republican as the Republican candidate for President in 1932."

And what will the Democrats do?

The Philadelphia *Record's* Washington correspondent hears that Democratic leaders are watching this Republican row and that some Democratic politicians have started a move to join with the Western Progressives—"they plan a platform progressive enough to steal the fireworks of Borah, Norris, Brookhart, and La Follette, and to draw these insurgent Senators into line against the present Administration." According to this correspondent, the most generally accepted view in Washington just now is "that the Democrats and Progressives will be working in 1932 with the same end in view, the scuttling of the Hoover Administration and the election of a Democratic leadership." And the rival names most frequently heard in this connection, we read on, are those of Gov. Franklin D. Roosevelt and Owen D. Young, both of New York.

Chuckles come from Democratic editors over the "delightful exhibition of Republican harmony." "In the raucous organized and continuous quarrel, which is named the Republican party, there is mighty little unanimity, except that of mutual distrust and dislike," begins an Omaha *World-Herald* (Ind.) editorial, which later comes to the conclusion: "Go it husband, Go it bear!" And the Nashville *Tennessean* (Dem.) concludes philosophically and hopefully: "The country is ripe for the application of old-fashioned Democratic principles to its government."

There is plenty of partizan pleasure for the Democrats in the Republican contentions, but, observes Ray Tucker in a Washington dispatch to the New York *Telegram:*

"The same tug-of-war that is mushing up Republican ranks since the Lucas-Norris exchange of blows is pulling the Democrats apart, tho not so fiercely.

"Both parties, in the opinion of seasoned politicians, stand at the crossroads, undecided whether to cling to the old-fashioned and traditional doctrines or embrace new social and economic theories advanced partly as a remedy for the present depression."

WE need not go further into the exchange of hostilities between Mr. Lucas and Mr. Norris, but it might be noticed that the executive director of the Republican National Committee has won considerable newspaper support. According to the Springfield *Union* (Rep.), "there is only one honorable and decent thing to do out of respect for the great body of rank and file of Republicans in the country and that is to stand by Lucas." The independent Detroit *Free Press* and Chicago *Journal of Commerce* say practically the same thing. In the opinion of the Fargo *Forum* (Ind.), speaking of Senator Norris, "Uncle George has nearly been handed a small dose of his own kind of medicine, a dose which he most richly deserves." "The only trouble with the Lucas stand is its belatedness," in the Minneapolis *Journal's* (Rep.) opinion. "Norris hires his bathing-suit from the Republicans, but swims with the Democratic team," is the way the Louisville *Herald-Post* (Ind.) puts it. And this paper thinks that the worst that can be said of its fellow Kentuckian is "that the Lucas zeal outran his discretion."

Other papers which can not indorse Mr. Lucas's methods in fighting Senator Norris during the campaign agree with him thoroughly that the Senator has no place in the Republican party. Among these are such leading Republican dailies as the Boston *Transcript*, Portland *Evening Express*, Manchester *Union*, Philadelphia *Inquirer*, Cincinnati *Times-Star*, Minneapolis *Tribune*, and Chicago *Tribune*. As the New Haven *Register* (Ind.) puts it:

"When a man whose political record for the past six years is one of practically continuous service to the Democratic party and its candidates can don the uniform of the Republican party, and win his nomination and election under the pretense that he is a member of that party, and entitled to wear the uniform, then a disintegrating influence has been introduced

"There Is No Accounting for Tastes!"
He must like it—he persists in taking them both to his bosom.
—Spencer in the Omaha "World-Herald."

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What Do You Know About That?

Test your knowledge by the questions below. If you can not answer them, turn to the pages indicated. Each one counts 5.

1. What is "fog asthma"? (p. 28).
2. Who wrote "After the Ball"? (p. 18).
3. Who is the "moonlight lady"? (p. 19).
4. Why do Germans doubt our hard times? (p. 14).
5. Why "moonlight schools"? (p. 19).
6. What Hoover policy does Coolidge attack? (p. 8).
7. Who is Picasso? (p. 17).
8. Who is Ramzin? (p. 13).
9. What does Shaw call an ideal income? (p. 32).
10. Is $1,800 a year enough for a family of sixteen? (p. 32).
11. Can you play golf in your living-room? (p. 35).
12. What is our illiteracy rating? (p. 20).
13. How can whispers wreck a bank? (p. 10).
14. What is the greatest recorded explosion? (p. 28).
15. Are hotel-keepers human? (p. 20).
16. What French Premier do Germans admire? (p. 15).
17. What does the Navaho use for soap? (p. 36).
18. Do American films corrupt foreign children? (p. 21).
19. Who abolished indemnity for crossing accidents? (p. 27).
20. What is the new tonic to help business? (p. 40).

into the party organization and all opportunity of doing good has been reduced by just that much."

But here come other papers, mostly independent and Democratic, to insist that Mr. Lucas should resign, that he has committed, in the words of the Brooklyn *Eagle* (Ind.), "a blunder worse than a crime." It seems to the Birmingham *Age-Herald* (Dem.) that "while the G.O.P. owes Norris precious little, it can not afford to let the country believe that it had tried dirty measures in order to get rid of the Nebraska Senator." And uncomplimentary references to Mr. Lucas appear in such newspapers as the Louisville *Times* (Ind. Dem.) in his own State, the Norfolk *Virginian-Pilot* (Dem.), the Nashville *Banner* (Dem.), the Washington *News* (Ind.), the Detroit *News* (Ind.), the New York *Evening Post* (Ind.), and the New York *Nation*. William Allen White's Emporia *Gazette* (Rep.), which has been such a strong supporter of Mr. Hoover, rises to remark:

"First, that without courageous liberals of the Norris type within the Republican party, the progressives of the nation who make up the normal Republican national majorities would quickly join with the Democrats.

"Secondly, the outlook of the present Administration for 1932 is sufficiently gloomy already. The East already shows signs of unrest on the Prohibition issue. If such statements as those of Mr. Lucas go unchallenged, the progressive and agricultural West would also be justified in walking out.

"Thirdly, if Mr. Lucas, an official in the Republican national committee, could not conscientiously give his active support to the party's legally chosen senatorial nominee in Nebraska, it was his duty as a gentleman either to resign from the national committee, or at least refrain from contributing to the Democratic war chest.

"Fourthly, if Mr. Lucas is sincere in holding in high esteem the principles of the party of Lincoln, and in working for its continued success, he can render no higher services to this party than by handing in his resignation to the party's leader.

"For the Republican party can not present a united front in 1932 if men like Lucas hold high places in its councils."

Enter the philosopher.

Dr. John Dewey, who has given up other duties to act as chairman of the national committee of the League for Independent Political Action, sent Senator Norris, during Christmas week, a letter which read in part:

"The Republican party stands for 'rugged' individualism. You stand for social planning and social control.

"The Democratic party stands for exactly the same principles, and its machinery is controlled by the same invested groups.

"The Republican party is a house divided against itself. You can not put new wine in old bottles, and we shall never be able to put this new philosophy into either of the old parties.

"The terrible suffering in this unemployment crisis, the increasing fear of insecurity, the exploitation by public utility companies and other monopolies resulting in our unjust distribution of wealth, and the nationalism and militarism which brought on the World War will be repeated under the present political leadership.

"A new party with your philosophy of life could stop these evils.

"We could win the Presidency by 1940.

"We agree with Mr. Lucas. You do not belong in the Republican party. You are too socially minded for it. Come out of it and participate in the great movement which is our own. Will you lead the march?"

With all due respect to "one of the leading thinkers of the country," remarked Senator Norris to a group of newspaper men in his office, "nevertheless, I feel that in a practical sense his advice can not be followed, at least at this time, by Progressives, in the Senate or out, who believe as I do." Mr. Norris then went on to assert that the Electoral College stands in the way of independent candidates for the Presidency, and that he intends to introduce in Congress a resolution amending the Constitution so as to do away with the Electoral College.

The Dewey letter and the Norris-Lucas controversy have led to many editorial reflections on the meaninglessness of our present party lines. The St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* (Ind.) feels that "as our political issues become sharper, new party alinements will rise to meet them":

"The Democrats of the South have as little in common with the Democrats of New York City as the Republicans of the East have in common with the Republicans of the Northwest. A liberal party will arise out of the ashes of the old parties to give expression to progressive thought, as a conservative party will rise to defend the postulate that utilitarian values should take precedence over social values."

But third parties are not formed by invitations of doctors of philosophy, observes the St. Louis *Star* (Ind.), which continues:

"If a third party enters the arena in 1932, it will be due to a combination of two circumstances: renomination of President Hoover by the Republicans and failure of the Democrats to grasp their opportunity. At the present time both old parties are bound by the same chains. They are controlled by the people who put up campaign funds, and those people think alike on fundamental issues."

But the prospect of a real third party seems very, very dim to most of our editors. Readjustments within the old parties are much more probable, concludes the New York *Times*. The Hartford *Times* (Ind. Dem.) says "a third party could not become formidable on a mere spirit of opposition and discontent alone." The difficulty with third parties, as the Detroit *News* (Ind.) sees it, "is not any lack of discontent with things as they are, but a lack of agreement as to what things ought to be, by a group large enough to constitute an effective unit at the polls." The Newark *News* (Ind.) points out that "there is no Roosevelt to galvanize a third-party movement against Hoover." The Manchester *Union* (Rep.) thinks that some advocates of new party alinements fail to give sufficient weight to "habit and the power of the party names." Similar quotations might be continued almost indefinitely.

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A Coolidge Slap at a Hoover Policy

"DELIBERATELY and bluntly Mr. Coolidge has chosen to tell his successor that he has made an enormously costly blunder."

Such is the reaction of the New York *World* (Dem.) to a recent statement by the ex-President, and a head-line in the same paper says, "Coolidge Article Seen as 1932 Bid. Attack on Farm Board Activities Stirs Washington."

In the capital, we read, the statement was construed as "a direct, open attack on President Hoover's major policy for agricultural relief," for—

"He took issue with the idea that there should be governmental interference in either industry or agriculture in an effort to keep up prices by the use of government funds, holding that such an effort would not be effective, but on the contrary would tend toward disorganizing the economic situation and making conditions worse instead of better."

And "this sharp criticism came at the moment when the Farm Board's marketing system is preparing to use $150,000,000 recently appropriated by Congress in an effort to keep up grain prices, after having involved almost $250,000,000 in its previous efforts to peg wheat and other prices."

To Washington observers, this correspondent adds, "it looked as if Coolidge had sent up a trial balloon in the interest of his reported ambition to stage a comeback in 1932." Moreover, "some of Mr. Hoover's closest advisers have long been convinced that the ex-President is in a receptive mood, and would like to be called from his Northampton retreat to lead the party back to normalcy."

The statement which stirred all this speculation was embodied in one of Mr. Coolidge's daily articles, copyrighted by the McClure Syndicate, in which he said:

"In the general field of business, whether of industry or of agriculture, government interference in an attempt to maintain prices out of the Treasury is almost certain to make matters worse instead of better. It disorganizes the whole economic fabric. It is a wrong method, because it does not work."

AND he ended with the flat assertion that "price-fixing, subsidies, and government support will only produce unhealthy business."

But "Coolidge is not angling," asserts the Hartford *Times*.

"He is simply expressing a sound opinion on fundamental economics, and is undoubtedly offering it as journalistic comment on a present situation, intending that the problem should adjust itself correctly rather than that he should be preparing to come upon the scene as a crusader against the Hoover policies.

"It would be easy to match his one editorialette, critical of the Hoover régime, with a score or more which were positively in support of what the present Administration is aiming to do toward restoring better times.

"The evidence so far is much stronger in support of the theory that he is helping President Hoover to a renomination than that he would take the President's place in the 1932 G. O. P. convention."

City, 68,955,521; Farm, 53,819,525

The figures showing the division of urban and rural population in each State in 1930, as given by the New York *Times*, are:

State	Urban	Rural
New England		
Maine	321,506	475,917
New Hampshire	273,079	192,214
Vermont	118,766	240,845
Massachusetts	3,831,426	418,188
Rhode Island	635,429	52,068
Connecticut	1,131,770	475,133
Middle Atlantic		
New York	10,521,952	2,066,114
New Jersey	3,339,244	702,090
Pennsylvania	6,534,211	3,097,139
East North Central		
Ohio	4,507,371	2,139,326
Indiana	1,795,892	1,442,611
Illinois	5,635,727	1,994,927
Michigan	3,302,075	1,540,250
Wisconsin	1,553,843	1,385,163
West North Central		
Minnesota	1,257,616	1,306,337
Iowa	979,292	1,491,647
Missouri	1,859,119	1,770,248
North Dakota	113,306	567,539
South Dakota	130,907	561,942
Nebraska	486,107	891,856
Kansas	729,834	1,151,165
South Atlantic		
Delaware	123,146	115,234
Maryland	974,869	655,657
District of Columbia	486,869	.....
Virginia	785,537	1,636,314
West Virginia	491,504	1,237,701
North Carolina	809,847	2,360,429
South Carolina	371,080	1,367,685
Georgia	895,490	2,013,016
Florida	759,778	708,433
East South Central		
Kentucky	799,026	1,815,563
Tennessee	896,538	1,720,018
Alabama	744,273	1,901,975
Mississippi	338,850	1,670,971
West South Central		
Arkansas	382,878	1,471,604
Louisiana	833,532	1,268,061
Oklahoma	821,681	1,574,359
Texas	2,389,348	3,435,367
Mountain		
Montana	181,036	356,570
Idaho	129,507	315,525
Wyoming	70,097	155,468
Colorado	519,882	515,909
New Mexico	106,816	316,501
Arizona	149,856	285,717
Utah	266,264	241,583
Nevada	34,464	56,594
Pacific		
Washington	884,539	678,857
Oregon	489,746	464,040
California	4,160,596	1,516,655

Man with the Hoe Going to Town

THE MADDING CROWD'S ignoble strife is becoming, for rural America, a more powerful magnet than ever. Cityward the sons of the farm take their way in increasing number.

The man with the hoe is dropping it, going to town, finding a job—if he can.

One shouldn't get the impression that a mad rush is on from farm to city. But a strong urban swing is under way. Everybody has realized it for a number of years, and now we have the census figures showing just how strong the trend is.

Fifty-six Americans out of every 100 live to-day in urban areas, we are told.

What the Census Bureau found when it went over its figures is explained by the New York *Herald Tribune:*

"Whereas the urban population ten years ago formed a majority of the nation by only a slender margin, it has now assumed a clear predominance.

"The urban population by census distinction now numbers 68,955,521 persons, while 53,819,525 individuals are living in rural territory. The urban population thus forms 56.2 per cent. of the total United States population of 122,775,046. In 1920 the urban district dwellers were only 51.4 per cent. of the total.

"The probability that rural influence in social, economic and political affairs may still have the weight of a numerical superiority behind it, however, was indicated in the basis used by the Census Bureau in drawing the line between the two kinds of population. In the urban population are included incorporated places having as few as 2,500 inhabitants and townships with a population density of 1,000 a square mile.

"Of the individual States, Rhode Island remains the most urban, with 92.4 per cent. of its inhabitants in urban territory. Massachusetts is second in line. The most rural State is North Dakota, with only 16.6 per cent. in the urban class."

"THIS steady and sure gain makes the average city dweller wonder why it is that agriculture, with so many more people to feed, and the proportion of city folk gaining so rapidly, should be in the straits that it is," says the Boston *Post*—

"But agriculture, like manufacturing, suffers from knowing too much. Science has increased output too fast. But it is almost fantastic that the science which should enrich our civilization cripples it by being too efficient."

"The drift to the city is an absolutely essential element in the cure of what ails the farm," asserts the Dallas *Morning News*.

"We say it is overproduction, which is another way of saying that the farm has too few customers. When a farmer moves to town, he grows no more crops. That lowers to that extent overproduction. In town he raises his family. That increases the number of customers. When the balance is again reached, the rightful proportion between town and country will have been attained."

Many more must leave the farms before agriculture can be restored to a profitable basis, some authorities contend, pointing out that by the use of modern farming machinery one man can produce as much as four men produced a few years ago.

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The Dispute Over Unemployment Insurance

BREAK A LEG, LOSE AN EYE, fall sick, even die, and insurance will aid you or your family.

But lose your job, and what have you, or your loved ones?

That's the tragic plight of millions of unemployed right now.

Hence champions of giving a fellow as good an insurance chance when he loses his job as when he loses a finger propose to do something about it by law.

Unemployment insurance is coming here, despite all opposition, predicts United States Senator Robert F. Wagner.

Just as New York and many other States have come to workmen's compensation insurance, he adds.

"Look Before We Leap," counsels the New York *Journal of Commerce*, representing the lively opposition to such insurance that is voiced by papers which fear something like a dangerous "stampede toward the dole."

But, "Relief for the Unemployed—Make It Permanent, Uniform, National," exhorts the Philadelphia *Record*, in fashion typical of papers hoping that the present emergency will bring ultimate profit through establishment of a system of unemployment insurance.

ONE of the bills fathered by Senator Wagner became law during the last session of Congress. It directs the Bureau of Labor Statistics to collect and publish monthly the figures concerning employment and unemployment, but no appropriation was made to cover the work. His other bills will call for preparation of a public-works program six years in advance, an unemployment exchange, Congressional investigation of the unemployment insurance situation, and the establishment of an unemployment insurance system of Federal, State, and industrial cooperation, whose funds shall be exempt from taxation.

"Unemployment remains a problem of industry, not an Act of God," assert advocates of "jobless insurance." The Newark *Evening News* accepts the truth in Edward A. Filene's belief that "unemployment is due to bad thinking, and is preventable," and concludes: "With better thinking it is possible to provide insurance against unemployment."

The worker "who invests his life in American industry should have a security comparable with that of a stockholder who invests his money," according to the San Diego *Union*, which continues:

"It is a curious commentary upon our whole civilization that historically so much intelligence should have been lavished upon the business of protecting money, and so little upon that of safeguarding human lives and human happiness. It is not Socialism, nor 'radicalism,' but mere common sense actuated by humanity, which now demands a new security for the man whose livelihood depends upon employment."

The Baltimore *Sun* considers the situation a challenge to those in command of our industry and commerce. When industry is so ordered that upheavals deprive very large numbers of people of their jobs through no fault of their own—

"The advocates of unemployment insurance can not be summarily brushed aside by demonstrations that this remedy has glaring faults.

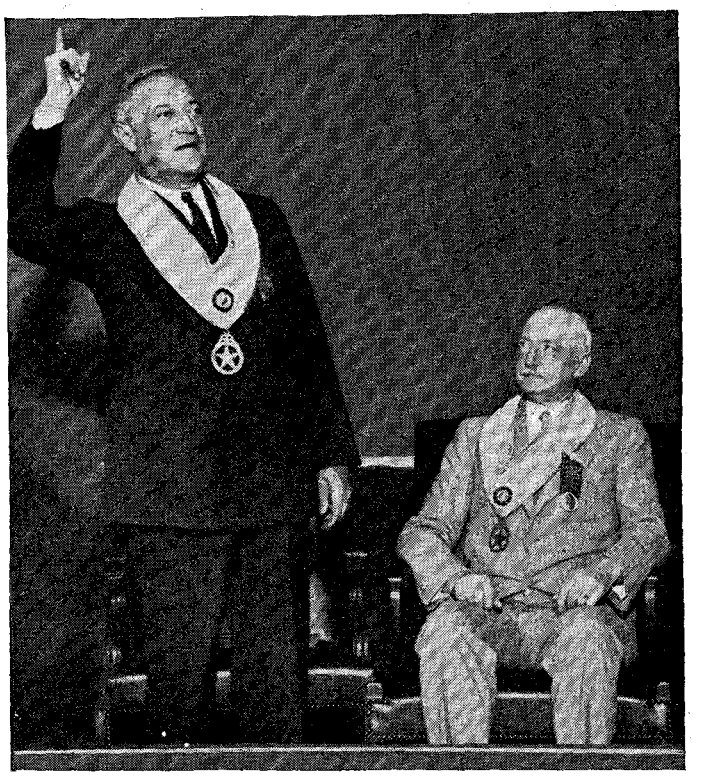
"And they can not be brushed aside with any semblance of decency by shrieking 'dole!'"

PRESS attacks upon unemployment insurance proposals point out that few if any of the plans in operation were found to be on a sound actuarial basis, funds often being kept solvent by special assessment, increase in contributions or reduced benefits. The Detroit *Free Press* points to Great Britain's experience as "a fateful warning." Whereas in theory the scheme of insurance, paid one-third by employees, one-third by employers, and one-third by government sounds beautiful, in practise the people become "leaners" on government grants, and for political reasons government can not call a halt.

Likewise the New York *Journal of Commerce*, declaring that "Germany has been brought to the verge of bankruptcy by unemployment insurance," says:

"There is little reason to suppose that the United States in adopting unemployment insurance could avoid the pitfalls that have put the English in a sort of industrial strait-jacket."

AND "Calvin Coolidge Says" in his copyrighted McClure Syndicate feature that "if unemployment insurance were like life and accident insurance, the problem would be simple. The duty to relieve unemployment is plain, but not even the unemployed have a right to what they do not earn. Charity is self-existent. Employer and employee are on a business, not a charitable relationship."



Keystone photograph

The Senator in an Hour of Eloquence

Senator Robert F. Wagner, father of many bills to cure unemployment. He is here photographed making a Fourth of July oration in Tammany Hall. Sitting spellbound beside him is John F. Curry, leader of Tammany. Now the Senator is trying to persuade Congress to enact unemployment insurance.

Meantime reports of surveys made by the Industrial Relations Counsellors, Inc., whose trustees include Owen D. Young, Raymond B. Fosdick, and others, reveal that in 1928 only some 107,000 persons—about one-half of one per cent. of the 23,000,000 wage earners of the country—had any protection by unemployment insurance plans of trade unions or corporations, or both. Seventy-two formal plans, including eleven individual firm plans, were discovered in 1928 disbursing about $1,500,000 in unemployment compensation from funds amounting to about $1,750,000—an average of about $16 for each worker covered. We read:

"Both as regards relief of the unemployed workers' distress and counteracting the inevitable reaction of unemployment upon business, the need for more adequate protection against the hazard of unemployment can not be gainsaid, the long-time planning of public works being as yet mainly in the realm of public discussion, and all legislative attempts in the direction of unemployment insurance in the past having been unsuccessful."

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Whispering Reds as Bank Wreckers

"SH-H-H!

"That bank is wabbling. It's going to fail. Better get your money out—quick."

In whispers, the news of impending disaster spreads fast. Depositors hurry to withdraw their money; a long line forms; the run is started. And the result, unless the rush is stemmed, is likely to be the closing of the bank.

Some such rumor-mongering campaign is blamed by officials for the recent suspension of a bank in New York City, and there are strong intimations, we are told, that the Communists had a hand in it.

"The Chelsea Bank and Trust Company, with six branches in Manhattan, Brooklyn, and the Bronx," says the New York *Herald Tribune*, "was closed by Joseph A. Broderick, State Superintendent of Banks, following a run"—

"Mr. Broderick explained that the run was due to rumors emanating from unknown sources attacking the stability of the institution. There were intimations that these rumors were part of a concerted campaign by Communists to undermine public confidence in all institutions. City, State, and Federal inquiries were under way on these reports.

"Mr. Broderick said that, so far as he knew, there was nothing wrong with the bank's condition, but, in view of the increasing withdrawals, he considered it advisable to take possession to conserve assets for depositors and stockholders."

NEXT day the same paper announced that Communists were accused of starting a run on another bank a few days previously, but "it was checked by strong intervention on the part of the State Banking Department"—

"A State official was told of a meeting of Communists where a campaign to undermine public confidence in banks was discust, and a bank was singled out for attack.

"Two hours after information of this meeting had been conveyed to the State Banking Department, a run began on this bank with 1,000 persons in line for their funds.

"By prompt action and assurances to depositors that the bank was sound, the run was checked.

"Officials say there is reason to believe that Communist money may have financed short-selling operations in stock of the Chelsea Bank and Trust Company prior to the whispering campaign which brought about the run that resulted in its closing by the State.

"Since it is the aim of the Communists to bring about a world revolution in the capitalist nations, the current world depression offers the 'Reds' an obvious opportunity to shake public confidence in banks, and through their closings stir up discontent.

"Watson Washburn, Assistant Attorney-General, has had the records and heads of eight brokerage houses at his offices in an effort to discover for whom they sold Chelsea or other bank stocks.

"'I am going to lose no time in pressing charges against any brokers,' said Mr. Washburn, 'whom I find have the slightest connection with these whispering and destructive attacks against banks.' Mr. Washburn has sent out a questionnaire to 100 other brokers on sales of Chelsea Bank or Bank of United States stocks."

About the same time the New York *World* published information that—

"Concrete evidence of attempts by a Communist organization to undermine public confidence in banks has been obtained by the authorities, *The World* established yesterday. This evidence was forwarded five months ago to the State Banking Department, and as a result *Novy Mir*, a Communist weekly newspaper, published here in the Russian language, was ordered to cease printing stories attacking American banks and urging readers to transfer their money to Soviet banks."

Some of our papers take seriously these charges of Communist sabotage against our banks. Others ridicule the idea. For instance, the New York *Journal of Commerce*, spokesman for the business community, captions its editorial "'Red' Nonsense," and says:

"It was probably to have been expected that recent difficulties in banking in this city and elsewhere would have been laid to the 'Reds,' and that they would have been accused of bringing about failures, financing short-selling operations, and circulating rumors adverse to given institutions.

"Such explanations are in line with those that have been put forward on almost every occasion of public or private disaster within recent months. Last summer's drought was perhaps the only visitation of Providence that was not in one way or another laid at the door of the 'Reds'—whoever they are.

"There is no information available, so far as can be perceived, to indicate what part 'Communists' have played in recent bank failures. Perhaps they or some of their number did all that is alleged, altho no proof of it is furnished.

"What we may be sure of is that whatever they did or might have done would have caused no harm to a bank that was well-managed and had not been brought to a dangerous condition by its operators.

"In times like this it is very desirable to keep the eye single with respect to causes and conditions. It is not the 'Reds,' or anybody else, that are producing difficulties with our banks, but it is the way in which our banks have been chartered, and the way in which they have been operated after chartering, that lies at the root of the trouble.

"It is very easy to ward off any attack that the 'Reds' may make on our financial institutions by simply providing good banking. Regrettable indeed is it that other assaults upon the existing order are not as easily to be repelled as this one.

"When public authorities are reduced to the necessity of attributing their own blunders or incompetence to the 'Reds' and to ascribing all sorts of difficulties to 'whispering campaigns' or telephone messages, the situation suggests to the mind of the non-partizan observer that they themselves are completely bankrupt so far as remedy or resource is concerned.

"It is high time that we had less talk of this sort, and more attention to business on the part of those who now want to shift the responsibility to unknown shoulders."

FOR the other view-point, we borrow from the Washington *Post:*

"This outrageous campaign is not directed against the stronger banks. The 'Reds' direct their attention to institutions doing business with individuals who know little about finance, and may, therefore, be easily stampeded without any reason. Communist meetings are said to have plotted openly against such institutions.

"This is an example of what may be expected from the admittance of Communist agitators to the United States.

"This 'Red' propaganda doubtless was inspired from Moscow, as are all other Communistic plots against the economic structure of the United States.

"Why are these agitators allowed to remain at large in the United States? The Department of Labor has launched a campaign to deport alien criminals. Difficulty is encountered in deporting these 'Red' parasites, but they could be put to work on prison rock piles while awaiting deportation. This situation invites the attention of the Department of Labor quite as much as does Chicago's gangdom."

Whether or not the 'Reds' were responsible for these recent bank runs, "such a performance would be quite in line with their general technique, which includes sabotage and any contribution to public disorder and fear for which conditions or events may provide them an opportunity," says the Springfield *Union*. Reading on:

"In any event the public in its own interests should pay no attention to rumors or whispers that may start from irresponsible if not actually destructive sources. The strength of even the strongest bank is in that public confidence which is always the essential factor in business success, and must be an essential factor in business recovery.

"There is no question that by and large the banks of the country now constitute in their resources one of the strongest factors in our economic situation, and a factor that will serve a highly important part in aiding in the upward turn of business."

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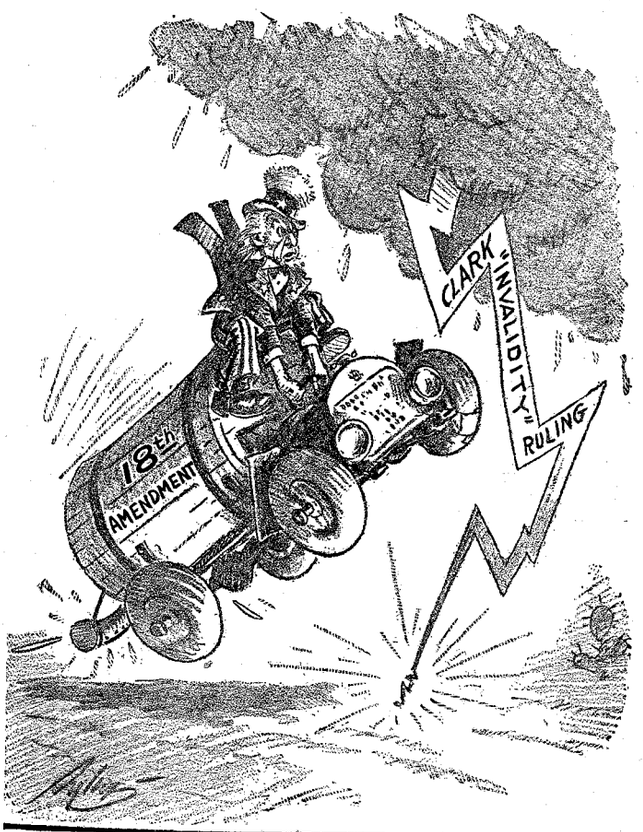
Compliments of the Season in New Jersey
—Reynolds in the Portland "Oregonian."

Mirage or the Real Thing?
—Talburt in the Washington "Daily News."

On a Fool's Errand
—Clubb in the Rochester "Times-Union."

"Oh, How He'll Hate to Wake Up in the Morning!"
—Doyle in the Philadelphia "Record."



"Gosh, Am I Hit?"
—Sykes in the Philadelphia "Evening Public Ledger."

PICTORIAL HINTS OF THE HULLABALOO JUDGE CLARK STARTED

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TOPICS IN BRIEF

"XMAS" marks the spot where the money was last seen.—*Ohio State Journal.*

A LAME duck, strange to say, is a Congressman whose goose is cooked.—*American Lumberman.*

IN fact, the Bolshevik plot trial looks like one of these Little Theater efforts that doesn't quite jell.—*Dallas News.*

ACCORDING to an economist, money is the people's servant. Here to-day and gone to-morrow.—*The Humorist (London).*

IT's ridiculous to think that liquor will ever be legalized in America. Al Capone wouldn't allow it.—*Elizabeth Journal.*

SAFE driving at a moderate speed requires nothing but self-control and a strong rear bumper.—*Dubuque American-Tribune.*

DISARMAMENT is like a formal party in fashionable society. Nobody wants to arrive until everybody else is there.—*Peoria Star*

A RADIO speaker has just now informed us that Detroit is connected with Canada by a tunnel. Or did he say funnel?—*Cedar Falls Record.*

IF we ever get along to the point where we "want to forget it all," we believe we'll turn it over to the Wickersham Commission.—*Detroit News.*

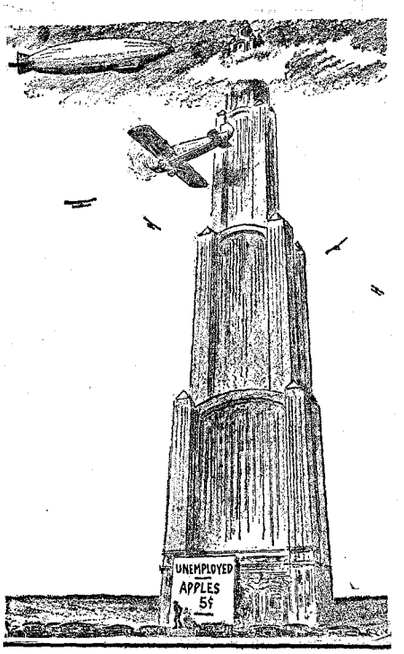
A COUNTRY has about hit bottom when an honest man is the only one who doesn't know how to keep out of jail.—*New Haven Register.*

"THIRTY thousand homeless in New York." An American citizen is truly in a bad fix when he has no home to stay away from.—*Newark Ledger.*

A DIETITIAN calls mince-pie a polysachrid carbohydrate of high caloric efficiency. That is what puts the buck in nightmares.—*Wichita Eagle.*

A SCIENTIST says there is no such thing as a perfect climate. Californians will retort that there is no such thing as a perfect scientist.—*Passaic News.*

A SINGING-TEACHER, barred from a residential zone, protests that his calling is not a trade, business, or industry. Just a racket, we suppose.—*The New Yorker.*



Progress!
—Macauley in the Brooklyn "Eagle."

A DOCTOR recommends butter as a cure for lumbago. You just give yourself a pat on the back, of course.—*The Humorist.*

HENRY FORD contradicts himself. He says woman's place is in the home, and then does all in his power to keep her out of it.—*Anderson (Ind.) Herald.*

BEN LINDSEY is a stranger here himself, and does not understand our native customs. A judge is assumed to be guilty until found innocent.—*The New Yorker.*

THE apple sellers of New York are talking of banding together to further their own particular interests. Developing a sort of *esprit de core*, we fancy.—*Boston Herald.*

THERE is much in this country to inspire young men, and we have no doubt when Al Capone started out in business he didn't have a machine-gun to his name.—*Ohio State Journal.*

A GOVERNMENT hunter in Arizona has killed 2,300 coyotes, 700 bobcats, twenty-eight wolves, and eighteen mountain lions. He should be transferred to Chicago.—*Chicago Evening Post.*

AS we understand the figures quoted by Hoover in his latest message to Congress, the country is to-day enjoying the old 1928 prosperity with 15 or 20 per cent off for crash.—*Virginian-Pilot.*

A DETROITER who is still up to the ears in the stock market says he may have to get in touch soon with certain heathen to whom his wife shipped a barrel of old trousers, etc., in 1928.—*Detroit News.*

THE snow is beautiful if you are watching the other fellow shovel it.—*Milwaukee Journal.*

MONEY goes further than it did, experts claim. It also stays away longer.—*Illinois Star-Register.*

IF only Burbank could have lived to see how many gallons of orangeade one orange can make.—*Key West Citizen.*

ONE trouble with the stock market appears to be that the erstwhile lambs are still saying "Bah!"—*Boston Herald.*

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW says the modern women lack sex appeal. Shaw is eighty-four years old.—*Publishers Syndicate.*

"I DON'T believe," says Miss Peggy Joyce, "I shall ever marry again." If she doesn't, it will be the first time.—*Detroit News.*

AN expert calculates that 80 per cent. of the American women artificially shape their eyebrows. That must take some pluck.—*London Opinion.*

SYNTHETIC Horsehair Is Made from Grass.—Head-line. That's how Old Dobbin himself made it, isn't it?—*Arkansas Gazette.*

JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER didn't get where he is to-day by wasting his time. He gives away poems. He doesn't try to sell them.—*Detroit News.*

JOBLESS men may restore normal industry by disposing of apples. That's the way Eve got the race started to work.—*Davenport Times.*

EXPERTS say that women's feet are two sizes larger than they were twenty years ago. From trying to fill men's shoes?—*Jersey City Journal.*

AUDUBON societies say birds will take naturally to golf-course sanctuaries, but we've never been able to get a birdie on one.—*Detroit Free Press.*

A BUSINESS man complains that girls are not good at explanations. They are naturally never anxious to make themselves plain.—*The Humorist.*

MEN may be interested to know that there is on the market a little electric device which in seven minutes will remove all the wrinkles from any tie, except possibly the marital one.—*Boston Herald.*

A FELLOW has a wide range of possibilities now to select from: He can be land poor, stock-market poor, factory poor, or wheat poor.—*Detroit News.*

"NO woman is truly beautiful," says Flo Ziegfeld, "when she is half-starved or angular or bony." But, no doubt, she still has her points.—*Boston Herald.*

AMERICANISM: Furnishing Russia talent and machinery to modernize herself; living in dread of the competition thus made possible.—*New Britain Herald.*

AS we understand it, a Government established by bloodshed is not worthy of recognition until it proves itself capable of protecting U. S. investments.—*Lincoln Star.*

"THERE is as much capital in the country as ever," says Vice-President Curtis, "but it is not working." It just sits around all day like a Vice-President.—*The New Yorker.*

A TALKING-PICTURE containing only women characters is to be filmed in Hollywood. Some may say that scarcely anything could be more appropriate than that.—*Pittsburgh Post-Gazette.*

IT is a weight off the mind of the bridegroom, says a household columnist, when he finds out that his bride can cook. Yes, indeed, it is, if the weight isn't transferred elsewhere after she begins doing it.—*Boston Herald.*

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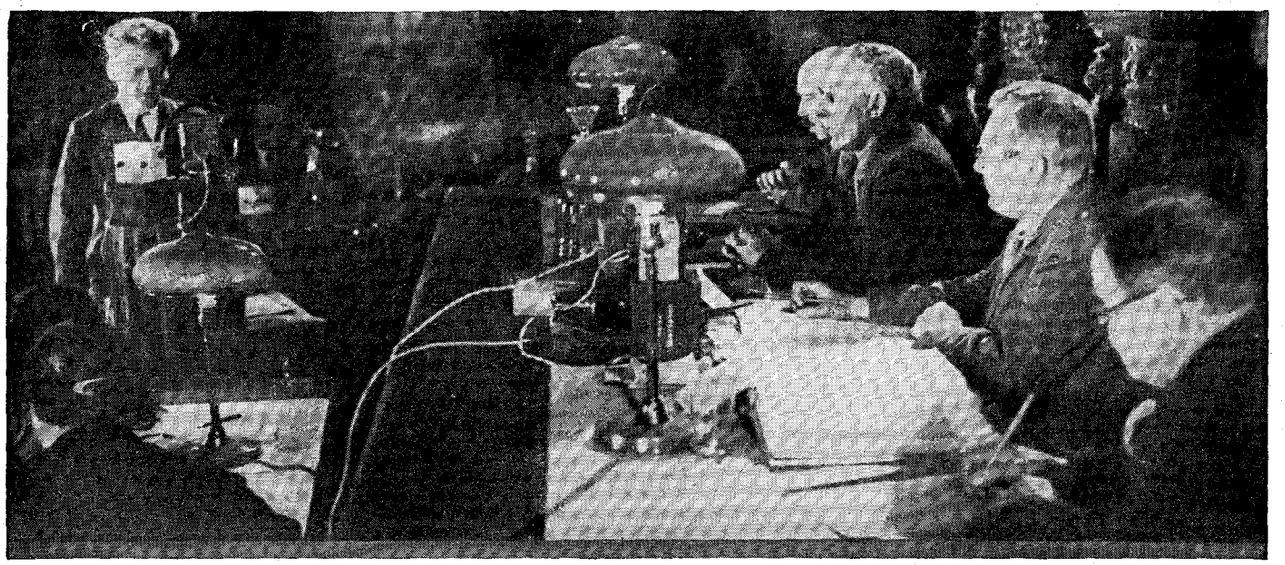

P. & A. photograph

Telling All Russia His Story

Ramsin, chief of the group of Russian professors and engineers on trial for conspiracy against the Soviet Government, speaks his testimony into the microphone during the first treason trial ever broadcast.

Soviet Defense of the "World-Infamous" Trial

THE RIDICULE AND SCORN excited in the outside world by the broadcast trial of eight Russian professors and engineers, charged with plotting to overthrow the Soviet régime by sabotage and the military intervention of other Powers, has angered the Soviet press.

But Soviet editors do not display their indignation by calling the editors in other countries "liars" for referring to it as the "world-infamous" trial.

Their aim seems to be to prove that the case of the Soviet Government against the eight professors and engineers is well-founded.

They seek also to explain why it is in the interest of "capitalistic countries" to demoralize if not annihilate the Soviet State.

Thus *Pravda* (Moscow), the official organ of the Central Committee of the Communist party, declares that when on trial Prof. L. Ramsin not only confessed to all the charges made against him, but also revealed new incriminating evidence that the French General Headquarters was the strategic center for the preparation of foreign intervention in the Soviet Union.

Step by step, we are told, Ramsin disclosed the "hideous panorama of the ruling capitalistic circles of France," designing aggression against Soviet Russia. In searching for a motive behind the alleged anti-Soviet activities among foreign capitalists, *Pravda* asserts:

"This past year, which has been one of momentous changes in the life of the Soviet Union, proves that in the realm of industry we have achieved even more than was scheduled by the Five Year plan, and that, in agriculture, too, our successes have surpassed all expectations.

"Thus, the Soviet Union is quickly transforming itself into an impregnable fortress against which rapacious imperialists will break their heads.

"The sharks of international capitalism were staking their future on the breakdown of Soviet economics. And Poincaré, the bloody hound, sought, through his agents, to organize a famine in our country, and by hampering the building up of Socialism, to throw the noose on the neck of the proletarian masses of our Union.

"Caught 'with the goods,' Messrs. Poincaré and Company will not escape the hand of proletarian justice.

"The laboring class of U. S. S. R. and of the entire world will not permit the incendiarists of an eventual new war to weave their infernal conspiracies.

"Messrs. Interventionists must understand that if the first foreign intervention of 1918-1920 ended in complete failure, the second one will inevitably end in catastrophe for the entire capitalistic world."

In rousing the country against the alleged peril of intervention from without, the workmen of all large cities sent to leading newspapers resolutions such as the following recorded by *Pravda* and other journals:

"Each factory, each industrial plant, each collective farm must be transformed by us into an impregnable, anti-capitalist fortress.

"We, the workmen of the Red Putilovsky factory, are ready for a finish fight with our class enemies."

Soviet newspapers also report that, while the trial was in progress, many thousands of workers daily paraded the streets of Moscow flaunting enormous posters and shouting out the inscription they bore:

"Death to the scoundrels! Death to the plotters and their foreign allies!"

In angry retort to Mr. Poincaré's curt and sarcastic dismissal of the allegations made against him, *Isviestia*, the official organ of the Soviet Government in Moscow, says:

"Mr. Poincaré declares that the facts established at the Moscow trial concerning a conspiracy for foreign intervention in Russia 'are not worth a shrug of the shoulders.' Of course he seemingly does not care even to talk of the Soviet 'world of insanity.'

"Yet, in spite of this, he writes a long, inflammatory article about the Soviet Union.

"But all these gestures of feigned contempt and haughtiness serve only to betray him more and more, to lend an air of falseness to his pose, and to uncover the state of nerves into which the ex-President of the French Republic has been plunged by the disclosures made in Moscow."

THE famous Russian novelist and dramatist, Maxim Gorki, a devoted friend of the Soviet Government—tho he lives in Italy because of his delicate health—contributes an article to *Isviestia*, in which he says in part:

"These men, who are learned technical experts, scientists, and lackeys of the capitalists who fled from Russia, have been

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found out and have confessed a long series of the foulest crimes committed against workmen.

"Profiting by their technical knowledge and by the confidence of the Soviet Government, they were undermining by all means available the raising up of the workmen to a status of Socialist equality.

"They hampered the development of industry, spoiled all that could be spoiled, wasted the people's money, and eagerly tried to impede the growth of the country's business and to bring about a famine.

"They did it all under the leadership of the Russian capitalists who have emigrated from the country, and who now live in Europe, chiefly in Paris, and who want again to seize power over the peasants and workmen of the Soviet Union.

"Naturally, these Russian capitalists were fully supported in their criminal activities by French and British capitalists.

"Poincaré means war. Briand, Churchill, Baldwin, and other

P. & A. photograph

"Death to the Plotters and Their Foreign Allies!"

That was the cry of Soviet workers during the trial of the eight engineers for conspiracy against the Soviet Government. Not only these listeners in the court-room heard the evidence. It was heard, too, over the radio throughout Russia.

adventurers on the pay-roll of capitalists gladly extended their assistance to these Russian scoundrels and bandits.

"Together with the eight men tried in Moscow, they have worked out a plan for the military invasion of the Soviet Union. The eight counter-revolutionaries were doing their dirty work in order to facilitate this invasion by foreign bandits during 1930 or 1931."

GORKI ends by an appeal to French and British workmen to "frustrate these plans of a new European massacre" planned by their "enslavers, the imperialists."

The announcement that all five of the death sentences in the engineers' trial were commuted to ten years' imprisonment, and the ten-year sentences imposed on the other three were reduced to eight years, "came as a surprize to Russia, at least, irrespective of what the outside world may have expected." So Walter Duranty cables from Moscow to the New York *Times*, and he tells us furthermore:

"The reasons given here are threefold—first, the accused freely admitted their guilt and told all; second, they helped to reveal 'interventionist plans by the French and émigré enemies'; third, the Soviet is not vengeful, and does not kill for the sake of killing.

"This action may be variously interpreted abroad, but to observers here it appears that the Soviet authorities were satisfied with the results of the trial 'both at home and abroad.'

"This may sound inadequate, but in a country where nerves are so tense as in Russia to-day, the psychological equation plays a big rôle.

"Second, Professor Ramsin after all is a scientist with a European reputation, and the Soviet technical experts hope to utilize him. One such expert last night, on hearing the verdict, cried incredulously, 'But they can't shoot Ramsin; he is the best man we've got.'

"To the Soviet authorities it probably appears that they could not spare Ramsin without sparing the rest.

"Taken by and large, this act of clemency would appear an encouraging sign for the future of the Soviet State."

German Doubts of Our Hard Times

WHAT DO AMERICANS KNOW about hard times? This question is asked with ironic laughter by various German editors who are convinced that Germany has learned more about them than any other country in the world.

Conditions in the United States, they say, if you must talk about depression, are so much better than in Europe that they reek of prosperity.

The Berlin *Kreuz Zeitung* and the Berlin. *Vossische Zeitung* believe that American "depression" is often hard to find. On the other hand, there are many evidences of prosperity in the United States, and the *Vossische Zeitung* mentions the following:

High-priced restaurants do a brisk business.

The beauty industry is booming.

The talkie movies report record incomes.

The glory of fashion is as great as ever, and women's clothes are said to be more elaborate than ever.

This Berlin daily notes, however, that newly arrived immigrants are faced with financial difficulties, but, on the other hand, it claims:

"Real suffering must be looked for among a relatively small number of the American people.

"For this 'crisis,' as it is called, after months of hard labor on the part of an indomitable element, is really nothing but a manifestation of lack of faith—a confidence crisis.

"All the conditions precedent to a revival of prosperity are at hand in the United States.

"The masses of small and larger business men do not want to run any risk in connection with it.

"No better evidence of the new prosperity to come can be desired than that afforded by the savings bank depositors.

"Their accounts grow week by week.

"The savings banks themselves have been compelled to lower the rate of interest.

"They have even been obliged to issue a warning that only such funds should be put into the savings accounts as legitimately belong there—not funds which from their nature ought to find their way into the channels of business.

"But the American just now is very much like the burnt child who fears the fire. He has learned in recent months what an advantage is derivable from deposits in cash.

"Still another consideration seems to check the Americans a little.

"The crisis opened the eyes of Americans generally for the first time to the fact that from a business standpoint they are not alone in the world. . . .

"This idea in the American mind is as a seed seemingly destined to sprout into the growth of a new prosperity, which will not be American only, but world-wide."

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Tardieu Admired by His Foes

THAT SQUARE-SHOULDERED, SOLID-BUILT MAN, clean-shaven except for a shadow of a mustache—André Tardieu—has fervent admirers in some sections of the German press.

Tho he lately lost the French premiership, they believe he is going to "stage a comeback," and they warn the prematurely minded against writing his political obituary.

The forehead of Tardieu, which has been described as like that of a bull, and his hard, square jaws are two reasons for their confidence in his future. Also it is to be taken into account, that Mr. Tardieu, who was known as Clemenceau's spokesman in the final days of the war, has been trained well in the ways of politics, both rough-and-tumble and subtle.

Tardieu's surrender of power, believes the Berlin *Vossische Zeitung*, is to be only "for the briefest interlude," because he is indispensable, and this newspaper continues:

"France is not at this hour so rich in gifted and versatile and practised political leaders that she can afford herself the luxury of dispensing for long with the services of such a statesman as Tardieu.

"The greatest indictment ever brought against him is that he has not the sense of what the ancients called moderation.

"He is accused of lacking that true proportion which only classical culture can impart.

"The charge might well be brought against the knights of high finance and against the political adventurers of the hour. Tardieu is fashioned out of nobler elements.

"Doubtless he, too, might have become a very brilliant financier indeed. He might have aspired to the dictatorship of his country.

"But that sense of proportion which every French intellectual owes to the classical education he receives has always guided his stormy energies along right lines and toward noble aims, thus saving him at a pinch from vicissitudes of a too risky sort.

"However furious the conflicts precipitated during the past year between himself and the Opposition, his fiercest foes in the most democratic camps have given Tardieu credit for rare traits—integrity, lack of prejudice, generosity.

"There has been admiration for his political foresight, for his fineness of vision, the strength of his iron will."

NOT even the bitterest of Tardieu's political foes, says the *Koelnische Zeitung*, ever wished, or believes now that his career is closed. In fact, this newspaper is convinced that his open political enemies have often been less dangerous to him than his professional political supporters. But, it adds:

"Tardieu has not yet been able to act upon the advice of the great German philosopher Nietzsche—it is not enough that a sword be sharp. It must gather a little rust in order to take on a sort of traditional glory.

"Tardieu has practised the very opposite of this course. He has tended more and more to emphasize the undeniable youthfulness of his qualities—a genuine youthfulness by no means corresponding to his fifty-four or fifty-five years.

"By the most active of those French business men and politicians who have passed their fortieth year, who led the war generation, and who claim as a result the right to influence their country's opinion most decidedly, Tardieu is rated the most efficient personality now on the stage of French affairs.

"Even Tardieu had the ill-luck to seem to the older Parliamentary hands somewhat too much the exponent of a manner too new.

"He does not seem to know how to make due allowance for the petty provincialism still saturating the Parliament and the Parliamentarians of the Third French republic.

"For Tardieu is 100 per cent. Parisian. He impresses the Parliamentary provincials as somewhat swaggering in his metropolitan attitude toward some of the customs and ideas they continue to hold sacred.

"He was thought to be putting on airs. He was suspected, perhaps justly, of concealing some ambitious longings for personal power behind professions of devotion to democratic slogans.

"From an international standpoint, Tardieu's diplomatic methods seem to correspond to his peculiar personality. He is the sharpest contrast imaginable to Briand. His very voice betrays the antithesis between the pair.

"Whereas Briand, to borrow the illustration of Leon Daudet, is an oratorical 'cello, Tardieu's organlike voice, in both attack and defense, seems ever accompanied by a blare of trumpets. Moreover, it seems a source of delight to Tardieu to make the Parliamentary swords flash as they cross."

Where Babies Are Wanted

NO CHILDREN ALLOWED is not the slogan of a realty enterprise under way at Strasbourg.

On the contrary, in order to be tenants in one of the cottages in an ancient grove of trees, not far from Strasbourg, married couples must agree to have children "at what eugenists consider satisfactory intervals."

Underwood & Underwood photograph

"He Will Come Back"

Confidently predict German editors of Andre Tardieu, former Prime Minister of France.

So far, we learn from the Paris correspondent of the London *Daily Telegraph*, only seven couples have been rejected from the colony for failing to comply with this rule.

The settlement, we are told, was financed from grants made to the directors of a candy factory at Strasbourg as compensation for war damage. A report on the experiment claims that it has proved very successful, and this informant continues:

"The directors of the candy factory, realizing that France needs more citizens, and that her citizens need more houses, have founded a colony for young married people who are anxious to have children.

"It consists of a number of cottages in the style of rustic Alsatian houses of the early nineteenth century, equipped with every modern convenience.

"The tenants are selected with great care. They must be in perfect physical condition, and have an income of at least $600 a year, so that they can pay an annual rent of $100 without difficulty.

"At present there are 131 families in these model cottages, and twenty babies have been born in the last twelve months.

"The report points out that, generally speaking, the occupants of the colony belong to a class—that of clerks, minor employees, and petty officials—in which the birth-rate is abnormally low in France.

"Incidentally, this colony has become a place of pilgrimage for Americans visiting the Eastern department."

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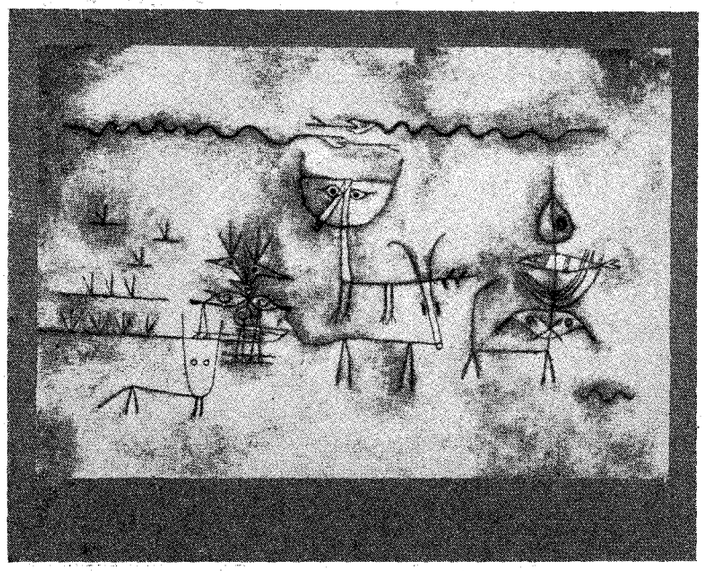
"Revolting" French Art "Forced Down Our Throats"

"WHAT AMERICA NEEDS is another Boston Tea Party with French art thrown overboard instead of English tea."

Thus Albert Sterner, the American artist and illustrator, gave vent to his feeling of revulsion against the flood of French art that inundates our market to-day.

But he might have called it a New York Picture Party, for it is here that French art meets one on every hand.

"Young American art has been retarded at least twenty years by the insidious influence of French art," Mr. Sterner believes,



"Appeals to the Subjective Imagination"

Paul Klee's work, in a catalog of his pictures, has been "compared to the fantastic and often truly marvelous drawings of the insane."

"for the adulation by the so-called intellectual group in America of the work of French modernists has caused a state of mind in every young artist, which forces him to imitate the foreigners, in order to be thought a good artist at all."

Mr. Sterner, in the New York *Times*, retorts on Matisse, who told us not to be ashamed of our country (SEE LITERARY DIGEST, October 18):

"We are not ashamed.

"We have and have had many artists, sincere and faithful recorders of those inherent characteristics of our people and our land, which we readily understand and react to naturally.

"Let us foster and maintain this handful of our own artists persistently.

"The stock rebuttal of any criticism of the foreign invasion of art is that art, after all, has no nationality. I insist that it is the very nationality of French art that is being forced down our throats, and we are told to accept anything as fine just because it is French.

"The rampant invasion of foreign art, fashionable at the moment, has little to do with the cultural progress so desired by and necessary to us. The work of leading French contemporaries does not reflect the temper or character of our people—is alien and at bottom quite as foreign as its source to our natural aspiration."

Mr. Sterner is an active artist at sixty-eight. Born in England of American parents, educated at the Beaux Arts in Paris, one time president of the Society of Illustrators here, and always a prolific producer both in oil and black and white, he is well equipped for a crusader.

Aid is given him in the recent "Art Notes" issued by the Macbeth Gallery, where an onslaught is made on some of the vagaries of Modernism, especially of the American brand influenced by the French.

The writer here first particularizes:

"Please do not misunderstand what we mean when we use the general term 'Modern Art.' It does not refer to the admittedly great leaders, men like Cezanne, Van Gogh, and a very few others abroad, and the Bellows, Speicher group and their logical successors at home, who have made definite contributions to the art of our time.

"They have given us essentials of form, interpretation of power, a new visualization of what color can do.

"The best of them will endure throughout all generations.

"It is the work of their imitators, and, in turn, their imitators, that we would definitely and emphatically repudiate, and it is because the supporters of modern art either can not or will not differentiate between the authentic and the spurious, that the public has been so wofully confused as to the really good things in the movement.

"If, as the Modernists tell us, Inness and his group were but copyists of the men of Barbizon, and Hassam, Weir, Twachtman, and Robinson were but followers of Monet and the other Impressionists, what shall we say of their authority when they hail as creators the decadent copyists of the great men of Modernism?"

THE Macbeth "Notes" writer selects for criticism some recent pictures exhibited at the new Museum of Modern Art, and uses some of the Museum's own dicta as ammunition:

"The director of the new Museum of Modern Art, appointed by and acting for the Trustees of that Museum, writes in the official catalog of the Klee exhibition: 'They (his paintings) have been compared to the fantastic and often truly marvelous drawings of the insane, who live in a world of the mind far removed from circumstantial reality. . . . The child, the primitive man, the lunatic, the subconscious mind, all these artistic sources (*so recently appreciated by civilized taste*) offer valuable commentary upon Klee's method.'

"The italics in the above are ours.

"So recently appreciated by civilized taste!

"The public opinion making up that stone wall refuses to be told it is uncivilized because it will not admit that the rantings of lunatics, the babblings of children, or the futile efforts of primitive man to express himself, are of artistic interest.

"Of interest to pathologists, to psychologists and to anthropologists, yes, but to an art-loving public only to the extent that they share with Robert Service the sentiments in 'The Prospector':

'Perhaps I am stark crazy, but there's none of you too sane;
It's just a little matter of degree.'

"Almost at the moment that the Modern Museum Director was writing about the appreciation of civilized taste, Dean Inge of St. Paul's, London, was writing in his new book, 'Christian Ethics and Modern Problems' (Putnam's):

"'Any one who has paid frequent visits to the unique collection of Italian paintings exhibited in London in the early part of this year, and has gone away almost intoxicated with the splendor of Italian genius in the time of the Renaissance, must feel a kind of horror and stupefaction at the revolting productions of the modernist school, which resemble now the work of a very unpleasant child, now the first efforts of an African savage, and now the delirious hallucinations of an incurable lunatic. . . . In

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painting there are now signs of lower degradation than have ever been known.'"

The writer of the Macbeth "Notes" turns upon a picture by Picasso, the acknowledged head of the Modernists, also exhibited at the Modern Museum, and described in their catalog as "a combination of classical austerity, values of abstract design and a quality of Surrealist Magic . . . an extraordinary masterpiece." Thus:

"In the light of Picasso's wholly conservative and charming 'Portrait of his Wife' that has just won first prize at the International Exhibition in Pittsburgh, does the writer of the above still think the 'Seated Woman' an extraordinary masterpiece? Or could he be persuaded to believe with the French critics that it is after all only one of many stunts done to attract attention?

"There is abundant evidence to show that the Paris in which the creator of this masterpiece first achieved fame has already turned against him in no uncertain terms. Waldemar George, one of the ablest critics of the modern movement, has an article in the August *L'Art Vivant*, in which he refers to Picasso as a sort of sleight-of-hand artist, interesting by the novelty of his inventions; that he fitted his age admirably because the fashion was for change.

"'In broad daylight, without make-up, his performance seems sterile and useless—a sort of free performance before the tent, done to attract visitors.' Can it be possible that this refers to the same man of whom one of the Trustees of the Museum of Modern Art writes in a current catalog, 'as an inventor Edison pales into thin air beside him'?

"How long must we tolerate nonsense like this?"

THE "Notes" writer makes an abstract of an article in *Creative Art* (New York), by Guy Pene duBois, in which the subject is brought back to the effect of French art upon American:

"*Creative Art* is a 'modern magazine,' founded as such, along with many others, and now edited by Henry McBride, stanch friend of modern art. In its September issue read an article by Guy Pene duBois, himself a modern artist—but not an ultra modern—which puts the comic touch into the sacred precincts.

"'The collectors are busily buying French pictures. The painters are busily imitating French pictures. Perhaps American painters should not live in America. Perhaps it would be instructive for both collectors and painters to live long enough in that France which they so whole-heartedly adore to learn the mistakes they make in the selection of things they believe to be France's present love.

"'The collectors would learn that they are behind the times in French fashions, and the artists, probably, to love American painting more. . . . It is better to speak of the present effectiveness of French propaganda upon our collectors and painters.

"'It will, of course, pass. . . . Now we must play with the gay boys, the fashionables, who know all the pigmental slang, are aware of all the painted *bon mots* or of, perhaps this is simpler, the day's arabesques.

"'It is unfortunate that they are already beginning to be too familiar; unfortunate when one remembers the time and money spent on them. . . . The Franco-realists, for one good thing, will stop painting bovine females with uncrossable legs. . . . Did Jules Pascin begin it? It is repeated all over Europe, and by many young Americans learned in European ways and visions.'"

The Cover

IF winter felt that we were imputing too somber a mood in our cover of December 13, she will perhaps grant that we make amends to-day.

With the motif almost the same—a woodsy stream banked with snow—Mr. Walter Koeniger shows that even what we call the bleak season can dress herself in purples and green and gold, and feed their reflections to the water.

"The Silent Places" hangs in the Toledo Museum.

Mr. Koeniger belongs to the Woodstock group of artists, who cling to the foothills of the Catskills, New York.

Mr. Koeniger was born in Germany in 1881.

Barrie Can't Abide Children?

WHEN SIR JAMES BARRIE SAID the other day that he couldn't abide children, he ran a great risk of having his whimsical irony missed.

Peter Pan might have turned suddenly into an old man.

Sir James, who in early life was afraid of his own voice on a stage, seems to devote his declining years to speech-making, and

"An Extraordinary Masterpiece"!!

A Picasso portrait combining "classical austerity, values of abstract design, and a quality of Surrealist magic." So said.

the humor that went into his books and plays now goes into them.

Of course they know him well enough at home to laugh when he said in a speech that was a plea for the Hospital for Sick Children in London:

"I can't abide children; never could.

"It was merely pretense on my part to get round mothers and so spend an idle hour in dalliance."

The Daily Mail (London) gives some extracts from his speech that contain the whimsicalities expected from him:

"You know the marvel of the world to me is that you can pick out your own children. Do you really think when you take them to a party that it is always the same ones you bring back?

"I saw the eclipse of the sun two or three years ago. There were hundreds of thousands of us on a Yorkshire hill, reverent, appalled, but there was also, of course, the inevitable child.

"What was he doing in the one thrilling moment of his life? He was trying to catch earwigs in the part of a soap dish that had holes in it.

"It is said that mothers like best the children who give them most trouble. I suppose Cain was Eve's favorite.

"Wordsworth says that children arrive trailing clouds of glory. I question this; but if so it is probably the very worst ones who come that way.

"Mind you, I don't blame them. It is every one for himself in this world, and no one knows that better than a child."

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Any one who has the responsibility for gathering hospital funds may take a leaf out of Sir James's speech:

"Be thankful that you have me to protect you to-night, for they are to make a fierce assault upon your already depleted pockets. Perhaps the most sinister figure in the Guildhall to-night is Lord Macmillan, the chairman of the hospital. Attuned by his calling (Lord Macmillan is a Law Lord) to make the worse appear the better reason, he will stick at nothing in his championship of the children's hospital.

"One of the most artful things he is likely to do is to invite you to come to that hospital and judge for yourselves. That sounds fair, but if you do that, he has got you.

"It would be impossible for any Bigly, which is what children call you, to go round those wards without writing in a Wobbly, which is what they call your check book, or producing a Crinkly, which is their name for a fiver.

"While Lord Macmillan is getting at you, you hold my hand, and I'll pull you through.

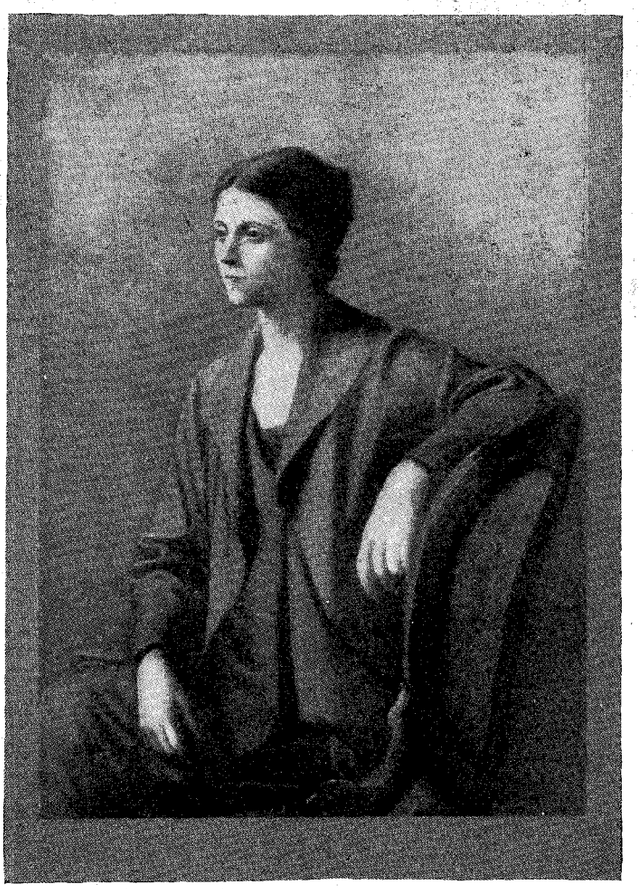
"Those patients in the hospital beds, small as they are, as soon as you enter, will immediately look smaller. You may take it from me that this is a deliberate design to melt you.

"Now, perhaps, is the time for you to cut and run. Don't look out at the windows, or you may see some emaciated little face staring up at them wistfully. He is carrying a tiny buudle containing, I suppose, his night things, but he can't get in because we are already far too full.

"I have seen enough of our medical and nursing staffs to know that, however hard-heartedly we refuse our succor, they will disregard their own worldly interests and go on fighting for the children. So let us take advantage of that devotion and sneak out of doing our part.

"The hospital will still go on, because they will never forsake it. It will continue to shine from Great Ormond Street, beckoning to that emaciated little face carrying a bundle. Perhaps the bundle does not contain his night things. Perhaps he has no night things.

"It would be funny, wouldn't it, if the bundle turned out too late to be full of trailing clouds of glory?"



Nothing "Surrealist" Here

Picasso abandons his modernist methods in painting "Madame Picasso," and gets first prize at the Carnegie International Exhibition, Pittsburgh.

First Days of the Movies

MANY OF US REMEMBER when there were no movies, but who recalls when he first became aware of them?

And who was "the father" of the movies?

In naming Louis Le Prince as "a father" of the moving picture, the Manchester *Guardian* saves itself from possible dispute.

They are putting up a tablet to Le Prince on the wall of the workshop in Leeds, England, where Le Prince in 1888 made the first practical one-lens animated-picture camera. The inventor's original machines are taken from America to be exhibited at the Science Museum in South Kensington. *The Guardian* gives his story:

"It was in the garden there that Louis Le Prince took moving pictures at the rate of twelve a second in the summer of 1888. In that year he made kinema photography on Leeds Bridge which he showed in the workshop on a screen with a projector having electric arc-lamp illumination.

"Le Prince, who was the son of an officer in the French Army, was essentially an artist craftsman.

"He made his first experiments in New York, but it was in Leeds that he perfected his invention, which was, of course, based on the attempts of earlier experimenters, such as Edward Muybridge, who had photographed the movements of race-horses with two dozen separate cameras in the 'seventies.

"The career of Le Prince ended in an extraordinary and never-explained mystery.

"On September 16, 1890, he was seen entering the train for Paris at Bourges, and from that moment he completely disappeared. His luggage and business papers disappeared too. Foul play was suggested, and his widow always thought that he had been removed through the agency of persons who wished to get control of the moving-picture situation.

"It had that effect, for altho he held master patents, nothing could be done with them until the statutory period of seven years, when by law his death was presumed and his affairs administered. By that time many others had entered the field of kinematography."

A Story Song of Other Days

BACK in the 'nineties, May Irwin sang a song called "After the Ball," in a show known as "The Poet and the Puppet."

The show was nothing much, but the song saved it.

Probably the winning personality of the favorite comedienne of former days did a lot.

Now that the writer of the song, Charles K. Harris, has just died, many recall the strains that were sung on every hand:

After the ball is over,
After the break of morn;
After the dancers leaving
After the stars are gone.
Many a heart is aching
If you could read them all,
Many the hopes that have vanished
After the ball.

Newspapers all over the country pay tribute to the departed song-writer, the Boston *Herald*, as good as any of them, helping to put us back into Mr. Harris's milieu:

"Charles K. Harris had the good fortune to compose in what Sigmund Spaeth calls 'the golden age' of the popular song, the simple, romantic era of the 'nineties, when every ditty told a tale and pointed a moral, and when melodies were smooth and pleasant to the ear, with no insidious syncopation. Those were the days when the piano, tastefully decorated with a crocheted cover, was the center of every well-regulated home, and songs sold by the million.

"'After the Ball' was Mr. Harris's first and greatest triumph. The poignancy of its tragic theme of faithless love swept all before it."

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Father and Mother Having Their Chance in a "Moonlight School"

Moonlight Trysts for Education

THE "MOONLIGHT LADY" of "bloody Rowan"—God bless her!

For in the light of the moon, Cora Wilson Stewart taught the shy grown-ups of her county to read and write.

No longer were they ashamed to acknowledge that they could only make their mark.

John Willis, for instance, a lumbering giant of a man, with gnarled and knotty hands gripping paper and a stub of a pencil, his massive brow furrowed with the effort, can trace J-o-h-n W-i-l-l-i-s. For the first time in his fifty-six years he has written his own name, and he proudly holds up the piece of paper for all the class to see.

And in his class, or in other similar classes in the "moonlight schools" started by Mrs. Stewart, you can find pupils from eighteen to eighty, and over, getting their "l'arnin'," all because Mrs. Stewart had a vision, and held to it with the grim tenacity of a pioneer.

And that is what she is—a pioneer of education among the descendants of the pioneers who broke the trail in the mountains of Kentucky, Tennessee, Virginia, Georgia, Alabama, and the Carolinas.

Over the hill and far away she carried the lamp of learning. She set it on the ridge and in the hollows—'way back from the roads, where the razorbacks dug for acorns, and necessity was the only law. Art was limited chiefly to winding a horn and making every bullet count.

"All over the country, during the past ten years," as Miss J. A. Benschoten tells the engaging story in *The World's Work*, "the drama of John Willis and his thousands of counterparts has been enacted. The stages have been set, for the most part, in little schoolhouses in sparsely settled sections."

The story of these moonlight schools is familiar to many, perhaps; but it is one of those romances of struggle in a fallow field which easily bears repeating, especially since it is an effort which has brought forth so much good fruit, and is still bearing. Miss Benschoten recites:

"The movement was started in 1911 in Rowan County, Kentucky, by the 'moonlight lady,' Cora Wilson Stewart.

"Mrs. Stewart was a daughter of the county, born and bred in 'bloody Rowan'—so called in the old days because of the feuds which set neighbor against neighbor and family against family. Her parents, themselves well read, knew the value of an education. At sixteen Cora Wilson was a teacher, and in charge of the family campaign which had as its object professional training for each of a large flock of younger brothers and sisters.

"Miss Wilson was a good teacher. Moreover, she knew what hardships lay in the way of every child who attended her school and the schools of her associates in the county.

"She knew the long and difficult trails, the often swollen streams, and the weary miles that had to be traversed afoot or ahorseback before the school could be reached. In a few years she was Rowan County's first woman superintendent of schools.

"Then, with all the county teachers under her jurisdiction, and with every possible mountain child in school, Cora Wilson (then Mrs. Stewart) began to realize the crying need of the parents.

"There were mothers who could not write to children grown and living in other States—mothers who could not read the letters they received, and who walked miles to bring those letters to 'Miss Cora' to open and answer for them.

"There were middle-aged men who would 'give anything' to be able to read a newspaper.

"There were young men laboring on the mountain farms or trapping animals for distant markets who came to her to write the letters necessary to carry on business transactions. Many of Rowan County's common schools were of recent origin, and numbers of persons from eighteen to twenty years old had had no opportunity to attend one during earlier years."

MRS. STEWART conceived an idea. She laid it before the county teachers. They volunteered in a body, and we read:

"On Labor Day of 1911, they canvassed their districts. It was thought that perhaps about three hundred adults might be enrolled for a short session of classes in reading and writing, to be held during the moonlight nights of the fall and winter months. The roads would be too difficult to travel 'in the dark of the moon.'

"Folks who could already read and write were invited to come, too. They could help the beginning pupils.

"Three hundred?

"More than four times that number turned out on the night the first class was opened. Practically the complete roll of the illiterate in Rowan County!

"The enthusiasm continued. The pupils worked hard, as, of course, did the teachers.

"Children helped their fathers and mothers; family antagonisms of long standing faded away as neighbors shared the same bench and read from the same book.

"How they all hungered and thirsted to learn! How they

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worked to make their writing more perfect, leaning to the task over desks built for their children. What happiness they knew when they wrote their first letters—to the teacher, to a far-away relative, to a son or daughter, whose surprize and joy at a letter from mother or father was fondly imagined.

"The second year the moonlight schools grew. More than sixteen hundred attended the classes in Rowan County, and the contagion began to creep over the borders into surrounding counties.

"By the third year classes were established all over Kentucky and in many sections of Tennessee, Alabama, South Carolina, and other States.

"Then followed interest on the part of governors and legislative bodies. National organizations, originally formed for other projects, turned their attention to advancing the work begun in Rowan County. There had been health crusades and cleanliness campaigns, but somehow no one had ever thought of just teaching people to read and write."

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The "Moonlight Lady"

THOSE who have learned to read and write in the natural course of events may find it hard to imagine the thrill that came to these people when they could form strange characters into words, write letters, and read those sent to them. Late in life the unexpected had happened; the impossible had been achieved. By the light of their fires and kerosene lamps, in the long evenings when the shadows fell early on the ridge and slipt swiftly down into the hollows, they could open the vast store of treasure that lies in papers, books, and magazines.

From the first, Miss Benschoten tells us, practically all the workers have served without pay. Mrs. Stewart carried her idea abroad; counties and States began to appropriate money for the moonlight schools. Then, about a year ago, we read, Julius Rosenwald, the Jewish philanthropist, became interested, with the result that the trustees of the Rosenwald Fund in Chicago appropriated $200,000 to advance the project.

The whole work which Mrs. Stewart began is dramatic to review, says the writer; and she goes on to tell us how this lamp, lit in the darkness of Rowan County, spread its beams so that the attention of the nation became focused on its light.

Ten years ago, we are told, there was not a single statute in our legislative annals which had any reference to illiteracy. Ten years ago, and almost up to the immediate present, 6 per cent. of our citizens were unable to read or write, as compared with only .05 per cent. of German citizens in a like unfortunate condition. Indeed, the United States, richest nation in the world, has long stood tenth from the top of the list in the illiteracy rating. Only a little while ago there were five million illiterate Americans.

THEN President Hoover entrusted to Secretary Wilbur the task of appointing a commission to take up the drive against illiteracy, and Mrs. Cora Wilson Stewart is now designated director of the National Illiteracy Commission.

When Miss Benschoten visited her in her office next to Secretary Wilbur's, she showed Miss Benschoten a package of letters from the members of a mountain class in Tennessee, who had learned to read and write last summer.

As she reread one after another, a mist came before her eyes, "and," says the writer, "one saw, not the official director, but the 'moonlight lady' of Rowan County, who thought nothing of riding ten or fifteen miles through the mountains to visit one of the night classes—and who still thinks nothing of it." To conclude:

"She visits, on the night of their opening, or soon afterward, as many of the new schools as she can reach within a day's journey of headquarters. Often she goes for a period to distant States where work is being started.

"The pupils love to write to her, and they write also to Secretary Wilbur to thank him, quite simply, for their books, for their classes, for the chance to learn. To the writer of each letter there goes a note of reply, often commending the progress already made, and encouraging the pupil to further effort.

"Georgia, Alabama, South Carolina, and Louisiana are the four States which led in the campaign made to reduce illiteracy before the Federal census-takers started their rounds in April, 1930.

"Georgia enrolled and taught 40,848 adults. Alabama taught 41,726, South Carolina taught 49,145, and Louisiana taught 108,351.

"In these four States alone 240,070 illiterates were taught to read and write. This is of itself a tremendous achievement, to say nothing of the thousands in Virginia, West Virginia, Tennessee, Arkansas, and other States that were reached in the campaign.

"The war against American illiteracy is not over. It is, in fact, only very well begun. But there is no cessation of hostilities on the part of Cora Wilson Stewart and her cohorts. Already they are planning another great drive against the foe—a drive which has for its objective the searching out of every illiterate man or woman remaining in these United States.

"To these people there must be given at least the chance to learn."

The Golden Rule for Boniface

A SAD FACT ABOUT POLITENESS is that under the constant strain to appear genial at all times and under all circumstances, the pleasant smiles of hotel clerks, managers, bell-boys, and porters are apt, we read, to become very professional, and to assume the rigidity of the "smile that won't come off."

But the Western Editor of *The Congregationalist and Herald of Gospel Liberty* found a printed greeting in the Mineral Springs Hotel, Alton, Illinois, that made up for all.

He quotes part of the greeting, as follows:

"To you who enter this room as a guest, we who manage this hotel give a hearty greeting. We want you to feel that this is a Human House, and not a soulless institution. This is your home, be it for a day or night only. Human beings care for you here, make the bed and sweep the room, answer your telephone, run your errands, cook and serve your food. We keep a human being at the desk, and a human being carries your valise. They are all made of flesh and blood, as you are; they have their interests, likes and dislikes, ambitions, dreams, and disappointments, just as you have."

An announcement concerning the rules of the hotel has this:

"A good rule for a hotel, as for anything else, is The Golden Rule—Do as you'd be done by. We shall try to put ourselves in your place. We ask ourselves, 'How would I like to be treated if I were stopping at a hotel?'

"And we ask you to put yourself in our place. Before you condemn us, ask yourself, 'What would I do if I were running a hotel?'"

The greeting closes with this:

"We are all travelers from the port of birth to the port of death, wanderers between the two eternities—for a little space you lodge with us—and we wish to put these good thoughts upon you—so God keep you, stranger, and bring you your heart's desire. And when you go away, leave for this hotel a bit of grateful feeling."

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American Films too Filthy for Turkey

"GET THE LOW-DOWN on Love Nests in the most daring talkie ever produced. Risqué? Yes. Daring? Yes!"

It isn't necessary to quote further from this advertisement of a motion-picture.

From all accounts, the picture lives up to its promise—or its threat.

It may be good enough for us.

But it isn't good enough for Turkey, or for China, for Australia, or for our near neighbor, Canada.

In fact, Turkey, the country we were wont to look upon as outside the pale of civilization, is taking steps, we read, to prevent its children from being corrupted by American-made films.

And China, which has been pretty busy suppressing Communism and brigandage, has complained about some of the films imported from America.

Africa, too, doesn't like the American sauce—call it apple or not.

Which brings us to a blasting indictment of American motion-pictures by Dr. Clifford Gray Twombly, rector of St. James's church, Lancaster, Pennsylvania. It is framed in an address delivered in part to the young people of the Church Conference of New England at St. Paul's School, Concord, New Hampshire, and is published in *The Reformed Church Messenger*.

DR. TWOMBLY asserts that nine surveys by various representative groups in Lancaster, during the last thirteen years, have shown that from thirty per cent. to forty per cent. (and the last one over fifty per cent.) of the pictures are corrupting to morals. He charges directly that—

"You can not go to the moving-picture theaters to-day with any assurance that you or your children will not see something suggestive or salacious or obscene before the show is over, either in the feature picture or in the accompanying comedies, or in the 'trailers,' as they are called (which are parts of films exhibited in advance to advertise what is coming), whose predominating appeal is almost invariably to the sensual.

"Yet this is the one commercialized amusement to which practically all the children of the country are allowed to go without 'let or hindrance' or discrimination."

And, asks Dr. Twombly:

"Does the fact that in two months' time within the past year 150 American films, which have been shown everywhere in America, have been debarred *in toto* from Canada and Australia (cp. Baltimore *Catholic Review*, January 10, 1930) mean that American parents are becoming less sensitive to what is unclean and debasing than their English-speaking relatives, and that they are growing content with lower standards of life for their children?

"Does it mean that America, instead of becoming the savior of the world, is becoming the debaucher and corrupter of the world?

"Repeated warnings against American films are being heard to-day from all quarters of the globe; from China and Japan and India and Italy and Germany and France and South America.

"Even Turkey is about to forbid, or has already forbidden, children under fifteen years of age to attend the movies, in order 'to protect Young Turks from the demoralizing effects of American-made films!'

"Even Turkey! 'The "infidel" nation is aroused to protect its children against the Christian nation!' And now Sir Hesketh Bell, former Governor of Uganda and Northern Nigeria in Africa, warns his British countrymen against 'the devastation' being wrought in the Dark Continent by American moving-pictures!

"Mr. Will Hays, in a speech in Berlin, Germany, July, 1930, emphasized the interdependence of the nations, and said that 'world-wide distribution of films could fill an important rôle in making the people of the various lands acquainted with one another.'

"Sir Hesketh Bell says that 'Nothing has done more to destroy the prestige of the white man among the colored races than these deplorable pictures!'"

THE accusation, says Dr. Twombly, is fully justified by a type of pictures shown between January and July, 1930. He puts these as high as from thirty to fifty per cent. of the whole number exhibited during that period. They are, he asserts, "undermining the basic corner-stone of true American life and strength, and are tending to destroy the sanctity of marriage, to make light of personal purity, and to lower American ideals and morals—pictures which are subtly and insidiously and intentionally sensual—together with their advertisements and billboards."

In a letter to Dr. Twombly, from which *The Reformed Church Messenger* quotes, Bishop Ernest M. Stires of the Episcopal diocese of Long Island says:

"Your anxiety and indignation are fully justified. . . . You have not exaggerated the fatal tendencies of the subtle poison which filters into the blood of our youth from the kind of movies you have described."

EQUALLY bitter denunciation comes from Bishop Oldham, of the Episcopal Church, who is quoted in the same weekly. In a Thanksgiving Day sermon in Albany, New York, Bishop Oldham appealed for definite action against those who are "flooding America and the world with filth fit only for the consumption of morons."

"Surely if we were to hear more such bold and courageous views from our pulpits and pews, instead of the easy complacency which seeks to find alibis for the present lamentable situation," exclaims *The Messenger*, "even the dull-witted producers would begin to take notice."

Granting that many believe that the producers are merely "giving the public what it wants," *The Messenger* comments that "it remains the fundamental duty of the Church to seek by all the persuasions of the Gospel of Christ to elevate the taste of the people so that they will want only the things that are decent and honorable and pure and of good report." It is also "an obvious duty to point out that they are not getting what they ought to want."

My Window in Nazareth

By Lena Leonard Fisher

THE silent night steals on
Over the quiet hills of Nazareth.
The sun-glow fades,
The Syrian stars shine shyly down—
Later to bloom so thick
I fain would pick them from the sky
As flowers from meadows in the spring.

The little hostel, and the noisy street
Sleep at last.
Shrouded figures slink into the night.
A pipe's lone note
Behind some ancient wall
Strikes on my very heart
And makes me think of home.

The Syrian skies brood low; the very midnight here is blue.
The street is still.
I hear the tinkle of the camel bells—
A caravan is resting 'round the hill.
And now the curious stars peer down to read my heart
The while, here at my window in old Nazareth
I stand alone and muse upon—A Boy.

—*The Christian Advocate, New York.*

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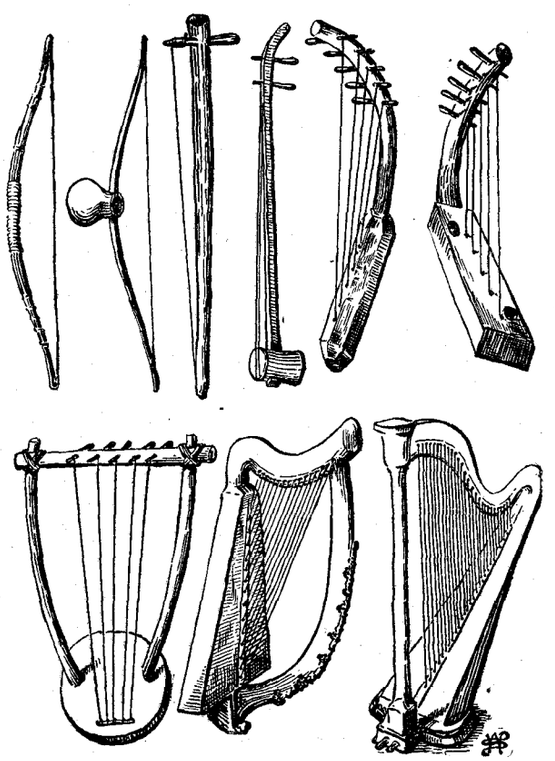
What Is Invention?

IS IT A SUDDEN IDEA—a lightning flash of intelligence—revealing some conception that never occurred to man before?

Or is it just the last step in a series of progressive ideas, starting, perhaps, a thousand years ago and resulting in device after device, each a little nearer perfection than its predecessor?

Or is it partly the one and partly the other?



How the Bow Became a Harp

William H. Smyth, who writes under the above title in *The Journal of the Patent Office Society* (Washington), is not quite sure. He begins with the question, and he ends with it. But meanwhile he traces through the ages some inventive steps that will surprize most of his readers.

What, after all, is invention? Mr. Smyth tries to explain. He says:

"To the man in the street the word suggests mystery and legerdemain not untinged with magic; a notable inventor is a wizard.

"To the average 'inventor' the words imply lots of hard work with little pay; some fun, occasionally the intense exhilaration of successful accomplishment and—'Great Expectations.'

"Practically every patented device is preceded by a series of closer and closer approximations. And where this is not obviously the case, more intimate knowledge of the inventor's work discloses that he arrived at his final result by the same process of step-by-step approach."

PRACTICALLY all our modern contrivances, Mr. Smyth asserts, are traceable step-by-step back to simpler forms. Also it not infrequently happens that devices utterly different in their modern forms and uses, are traceable to a common origin. He goes on:

"Interesting illustrations of diverging inventive evolution are to be found in the development of all stringed musical instruments and of belt-driven rotative machinery from the primordial bow-and-arrow; of musical wind instruments—from the primitive one-note whistle; and of the transatlantic liner, the superdreadnought and submarine from the dugout canoe.

"It is also interesting to note that while the step-by-step process is clear and unmistakable, the mystery and magic of spontaneous conception is not entirely absent, for when we have taken our backward journey and arrived at the bow-and-arrow, we discover a 'miracle' for which there is no reasonable way of accounting.

"The bow-and-arrow appears to have been invented independently in widely separated parts of the world. The earliest known inhabitants of America used feathered and flint-pointed javelins projected by a throwing stick. No invention of modern times is comparable in spontaneously creative thought with that required to bridge the gap between the hand-thrown javelin and the bow-and-arrow.

"But, the bow-and-arrow once created, the inventive evolutionary process starts, and it is easily traceable therefrom, step-by-step, up to the Steinway grand piano, and divergently up to our highly developed machines of precision exemplified by the lathe and belt-driven machinery.

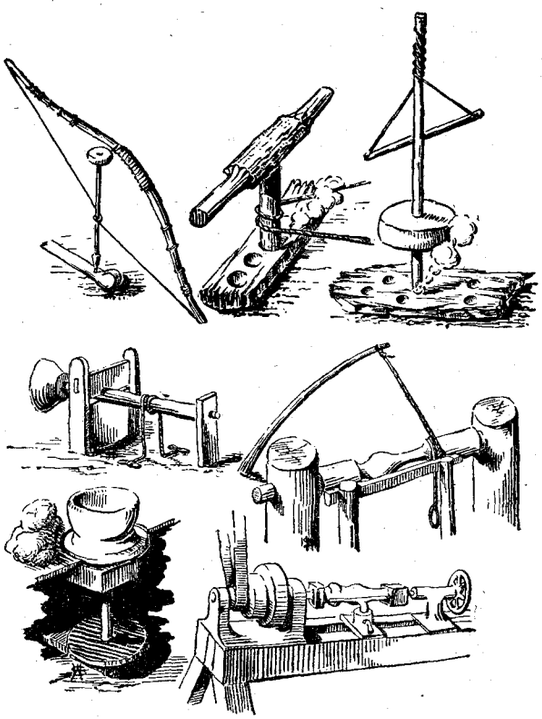
"It is not difficult to understand the feelings almost of deification in which primordial man would hold this effective instrumentality. The 'twang of the bow' would almost inevitably become agreeably associated in men's minds with the procurement of food and the destruction of enemies. The resonant notes are almost certain to have been the original festive and warlike music.

"String music having thus originated, it is wholly probable that bows with peculiarly pleasing notes would be reserved for musical uses.

"From the single stringed instrument with gourd resonator to the two-stringed 'gee yen' with drumhead sound-box, still on sale in Chinatown—is a short and obvious step. From two strings and a small sound-box to multiplying the strings and enlarging the sound-box would seem an almost inevitable development.

"At this stage there enters on the scene an observant individual who noted that increasing the number of the strings put an excessive strain upon the bow-frame, and hence an undesirable variability in the production of notes. So this pioneering genius brought forth the aboriginal braced-frame lyre, with banjo rawhide resonator!"

THUS, from the bowstring to the modern harp, the steps are short and easy; and from the harp to the piano and pianola, with



How the Bow Entered Industry

its "canned music," is a historically recorded step-by-step development. Further:

"Some inventive genius, in the dawn of human development, found that, as a means for drilling holes, his bow and a flint-pointed broken arrow could be substituted for the tiresome

(*Continued on page 27*)

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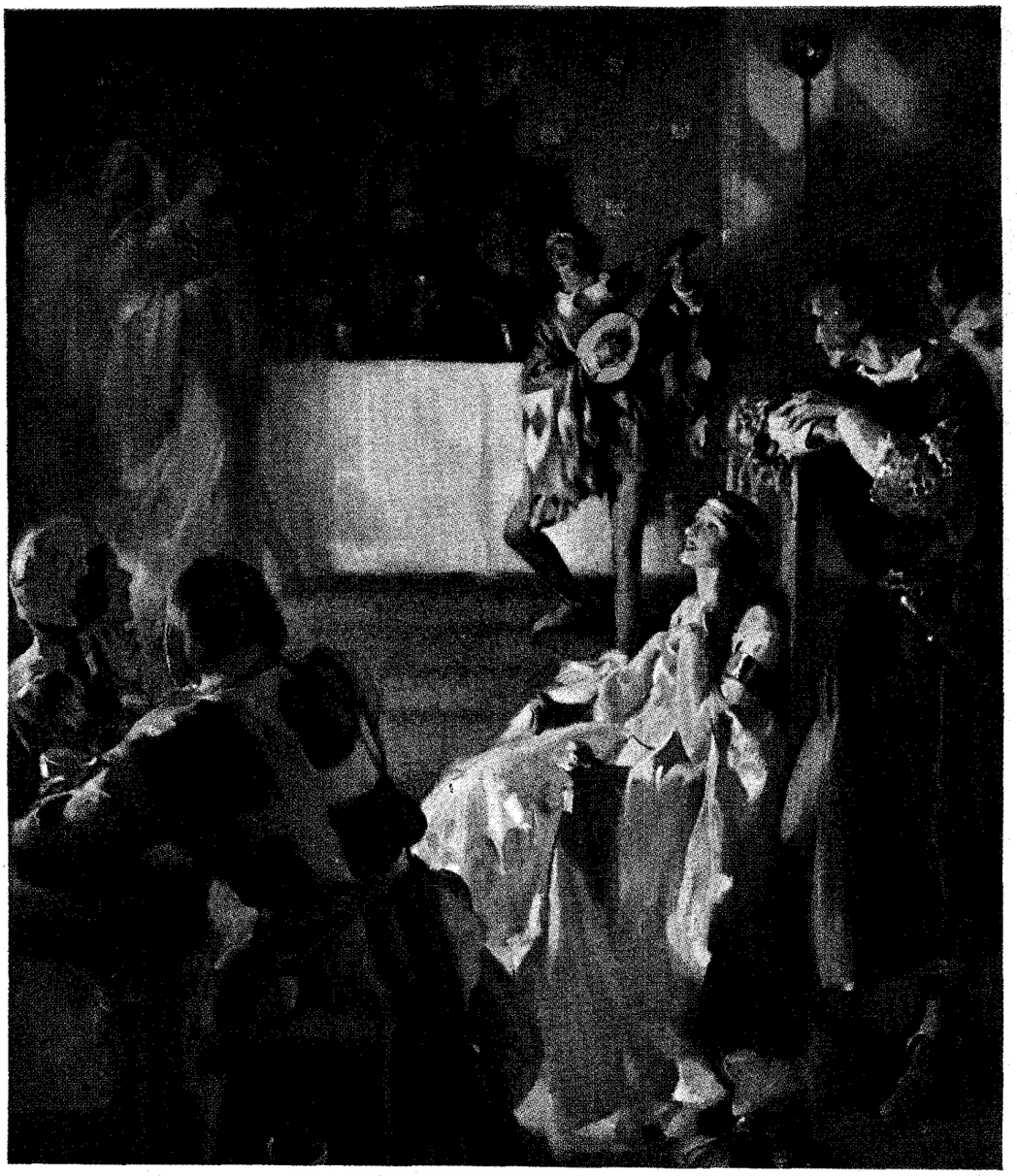


FOR A DISCRIMINATING CLIENTELE

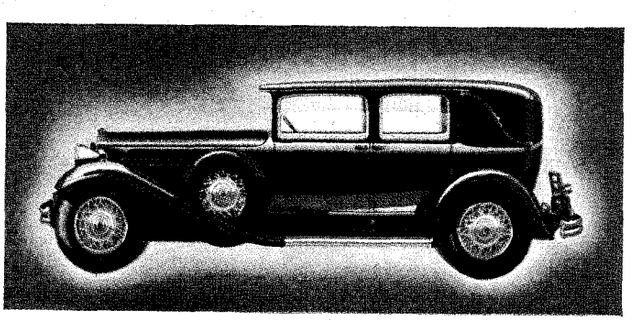
Guilhem IX, Count of Poitiers, wandered the land of Provence as a romantic poet and singer. The favor of noble ladies and knightly gentlemen was the high inspiration of the medieval Troubadours who kept alive the arts of music and poetry

A whole generation of taste and judgment has been the inspiration for Packard cars. For Packard has, through thirty years, designed and built for the discriminating. Today's luxurious and distinguished Packard Eights, like all their famous ancestry, answer the demand of those who appreciate the finest things that life affords.

And this Packard clientele is ever *growing*. New thousands learn each year that it *costs no more* to own a Packard if they drive it longer than has been their custom with other cars. They find, too, that Packard owners *do* drive their cars *far* longer than the ones they traded in.

And less than three out of every hundred of these new Packard owners ever leave the Packard family—less than *three percent* give up their Packard cars for *any cause whatever*. A remarkable record when the changing fortunes of life are considered.

Why not enjoy the distinction and luxury of Packard transportation? If you are *paying* for a Packard—why not *own* one?



ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE

PACKARD

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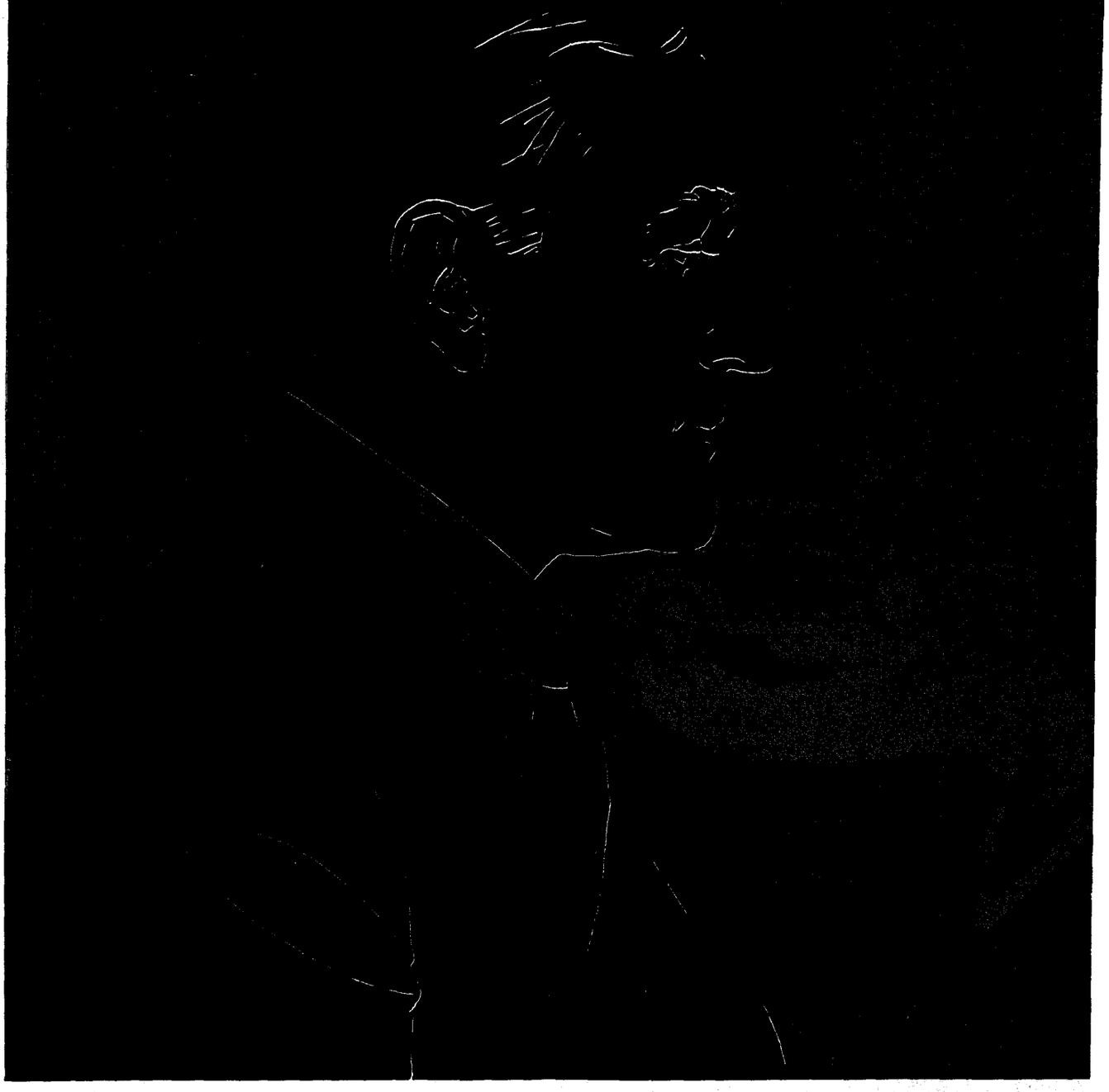
consider



MODELS AND PRICES

The General Motors Corporation provides modern transportation for every purse and purpose. General Motors cars include 7 makes and 115 models, priced from $475 up to $15,000, f. o. b. In arriving at delivered prices, General Motors dealers add to the list prices only the freight and a moderate charge for handling expense.

BODIES BY FISHER

General Motors cars are equipped with *Bodies by Fisher.* They are graceful in appearance, richly appointed, and are of wood and steel construction, assuring comfort, safety and long life. Fisher Bodies are insulated against heat, cold and noise. Custom bodies for Cadillac and La Salle are built by the Fleetwood Body Corporation.

OWNER SERVICE POLICY

Purchasers of new General Motors cars are given an *Owner Service Policy* which takes care of the cost of parts and labor during the warranty period anywhere in the United States or Canada, whether at home or touring. There are 20,000 General Motors dealers' service stations in the United States and Canada to serve the public.

TIME PAYMENT PLAN

Any General Motors car may b chased out of income under the G.I low-cost time-payment plan. This exclusive General Motors time-pa service, which also applies to all General Motors products sold t public. The General Motors Acce Corporation maintains eighty bran the United States and Canada.

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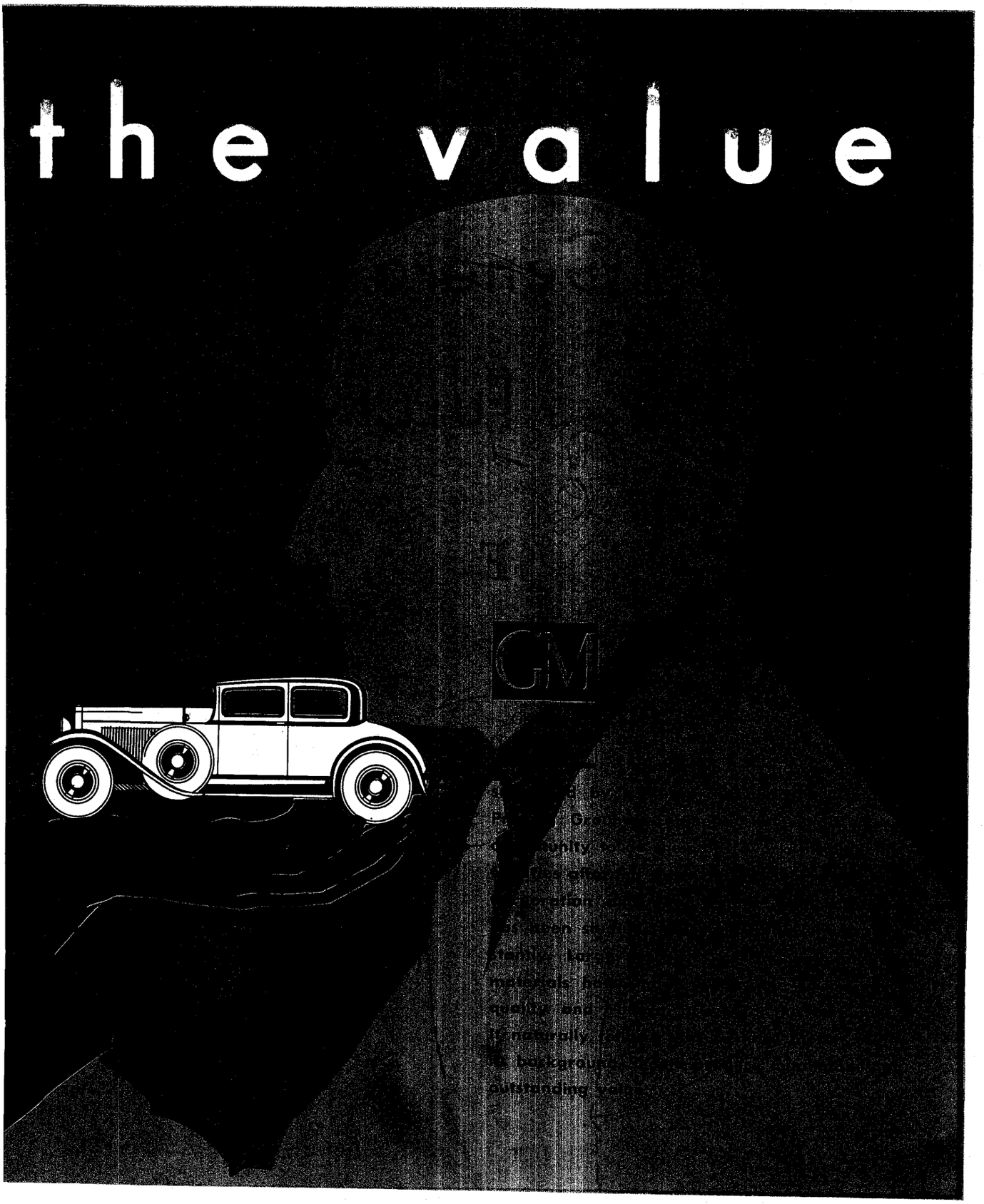

ENERAL MOTORS CARS
AVE OUTSTANDING VALUE

EVROLET · PONTIAC · OLDSMOBILE · OAKLAND · BUICK · LA SALLE · CADILLAC

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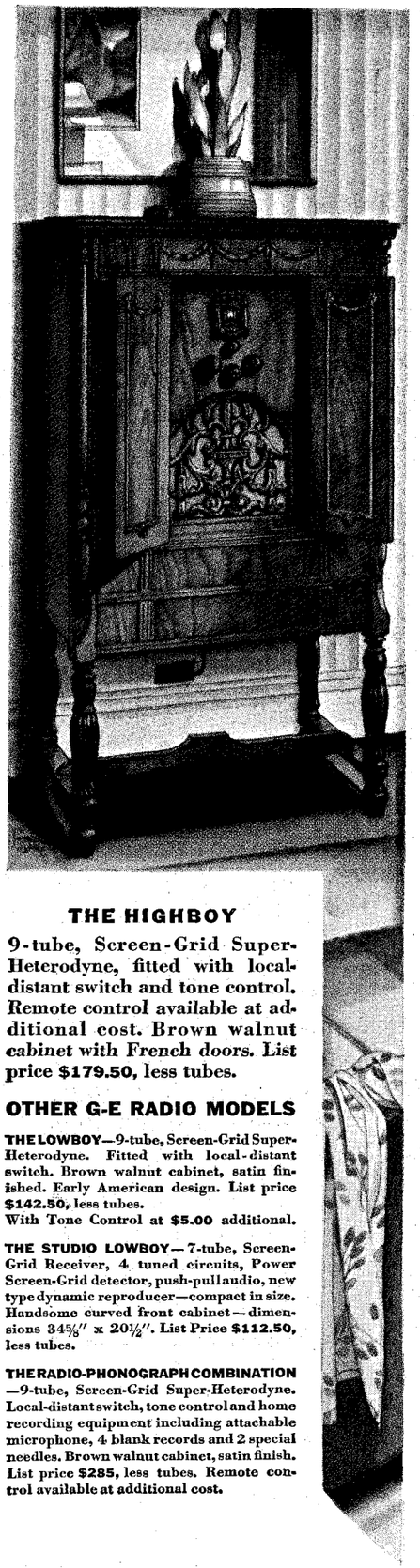

THE HIGHBOY

9-tube, Screen-Grid Super-Heterodyne, fitted with local-distant switch and tone control. Remote control available at additional cost. Brown walnut cabinet with French doors. List price **$179.50,** less tubes.

OTHER G-E RADIO MODELS

THE LOWBOY—9-tube, Screen-Grid Super-Heterodyne. Fitted with local-distant switch. Brown walnut cabinet, satin finished. Early American design. List price **$142.50,** less tubes.
With Tone Control at **$5.00** additional.

THE STUDIO LOWBOY—7-tube, Screen-Grid Receiver, 4 tuned circuits, Power Screen-Grid detector, push-pull audio, new type dynamic reproducer—compact in size. Handsome curved front cabinet—dimensions 34⅝" x 20½". List Price **$112.50,** less tubes.

THE RADIO-PHONOGRAPH COMBINATION—9-tube, Screen-Grid Super-Heterodyne. Local-distant switch, tone control and home recording equipment including attachable microphone, 4 blank records and 2 special needles. Brown walnut cabinet, satin finish. List price **$285,** less tubes. Remote control available at additional cost.

See this sign on the window of your G-E RADIO Dealer.

GENERAL ELECTRIC RADIO

THE NAME General Electric on Your Radio assures FULL RANGE performance

FULL RANGE Radio reception is General Electric's contribution to the radio listeners of America. Behind General Electric Radio are years of General Electric prominence in radio research. Without General Electric contributions, the radio of to-day would be impossible.

Full Range Radio embraces the three essentials of good reception—*Full Range* Sensitivity, *Full Range* Selectivity, and *Full Range* Tone.

Full Range Sensitivity is a boon to those who live far from the important broadcasting stations. It bridges vast distances with consummate ease and with equal facility brings in low-powered nearby stations. Thus it adds greatly to the amount of radio entertainment available for dwellers in distant places.

In the big centers where a multiplicity of powerful broadcasting stations embarrasses less selective receivers, the *Full Range* Selectivity of the General Electric Radio simplifies reception by banishing overlapping. Only one station comes in at a time. In these locations the *Full Range* Sensitivity combined with *Full Range* Selectivity cuts through local broadcasts to reach out beyond—making available a long list of distant stations.

But the real joy of a radio program is not so much the fact that the receiver brings it in—but rather in the richness and beauty of the program itself. And that is where the *Full Range* Tone of the General Electric Radio excels.

So clear and true is the *Full Range* Tone, so free from cabinet vibration or false "effects" that it is almost as if the performance were being given in your own home. There is no hum. *Full Range* Tone is a revelation to radio listeners.

Remember that every G-E Radio is supported by the advantage of the G-E Certified Inspection Plan.

Your local G-E Radio Dealer will gladly tell you about it and demonstrate the General Electric *Full Range* Radio for you. You may purchase the model you select on the Budget Payment Plan.

Join us in the General Electric Hour, broadcast every Saturday evening over a nation-wide N. B. C. network.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

FULL RANGE RADIO

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(*Continued from page 22*)

method of twirling the drill between the palms of his hands. But in order to complete his novel drilling instrument, he had to find a suitably cupped pebble to act as a friction-reducing centering piece with which to give the needed pressure.

"It must occasionally have happened while drilling in wood with the bow and a drill, the point of which had become blunted and rounded by use, that the resulting dry wood-dust would burst into flame from the heat generated by the rapid rotation of the blunt drill. Such occurrences many times repeated would eventually suggest the use of the bow and a pointless arrow as a fire-making instrument—the fire-drill.

"Ages later, a lazy genius invented the four-handed fire-drill. Still more ages later, came along the scientifically conceived and really elegant drill—and fire-stick twirling apparatus in which both the needed pressure and the twirling functions are combined in the down-stroke of a cross-bar. This handy tool may often be seen on the work-bench of up-to-date jewelers.

"From the fire-drill to the lathe is a comparatively short step, needing only a change of position from vertical to horizontal, and from a portable to a stationary device.

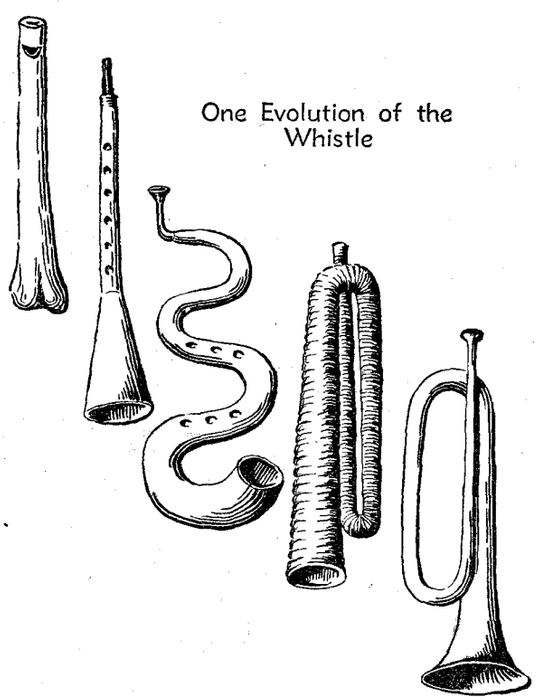
"The potter's wheel is only the primitive lathe put back into the vertical position with the addition of a fly-wheel. The rotation of the potter's wheel is effected by the foot of the operator, thus leaving his hands free for shaping the clay."

Following thus the development of stringed instruments from the bow to the piano, and along a diverging line of development to rotative machinery, Mr. Smyth adds that in wind instruments two lines of development are likewise traceable—one having to do with sound amplification and the other with the multiplication of notes. He goes on to specify:

"The one-note whistle is found in great varieties of shapes; the one pictured is made out of a bone, probably human. The flageolet is made from a hollow reed, provided with a coned end for sound amplification. The 'serpent' is an elongated, conical trumpet in common use down to the fifteenth century. A trumpet of built-up bamboo, a coiled or voluted cone, to get length and increase sound in comparatively short overall space, closely approximates to our modern bugle, which is similarly voluted and provided with a flaring end.

"In the foregoing development, emphasis is placed upon increasing the volume of sound. Starting from the same one-note whistle—a quite different line of step-by-step development is taken where the object of the musician is to increase the number of notes.

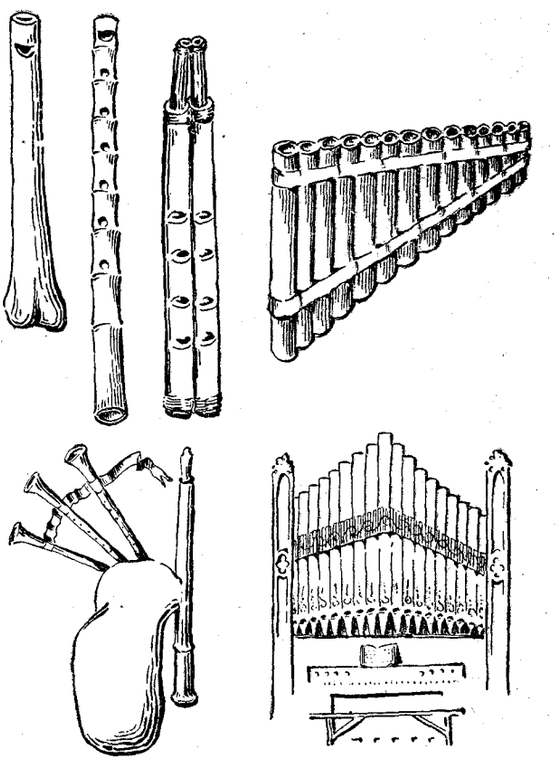
"Some keenly alert whistler in those far-away days found that he could get variety by making a second hole in his whistle. This momentous discovery eventually resulted in a great variety of forms with more or less holes.



One Evolution of the Whistle

"Another stage in development is shown in the double-reed flageolet with eight notes. The pan-pipes, of classic legend, shows a further development.

"Probably one of the most ancient of well-organized musical instruments is the Scotch bagpipes, which is an early form and germ of our church organ. Thus while the controllable wind reservoir of the bagpipes constitute it a portable organ, so the controllable wind reservoir of the organ constitute it a highly developed stationary bagpipes."



Another Evolution of the Whistle

In the same manner as the foregoing, the genesis of our modern battle-ship from the dugout canoe of our Stone Age ancestors can be readily imagined without pictorial illustrations, when it is recalled that the ancient war canoe had all the major elements of the modern battle-ship. Mr. Smyth proceeds to illustrate:

"Like the war-ship of to-day, the primordial dugout war canoe was a long sharp-ended box of sufficient displacement to sustain its crew and freight; it had motor means to give it motion, steering means to give it direction, and projectiles, in the form of cobblestones, to throw at the enemy.

"Hull, steering means, motor, projectile, each has its own step-by-step line of development, and each, tho now constituting the subject of a distinct art, is traceable back to its simple prototype in the dugout."

Japan Discourages Grade-Crossing Racers

While American railroads keep on spending millions of dollars annually on safety devices and educational work to prevent grade-crossing accidents, the Supreme Court of Japan, says *California Highways and Public Works* (San Francisco), has approached the solution of the problem from an altogether different angle. It quotes as follows from *The Japan Advertiser* (Tokyo):

"In the future the motorist who races trains to crossings will do so at his own risk. His heirs will have no claim on any railway company, public or private, if his temerity sends him on a journey he had not expected to take so immediately. The new ruling is a recognition of the fact that this is an age of speed, and that the country will be benefited more by faster train schedules than by preserving the lives of idiots who race trains to crossings."

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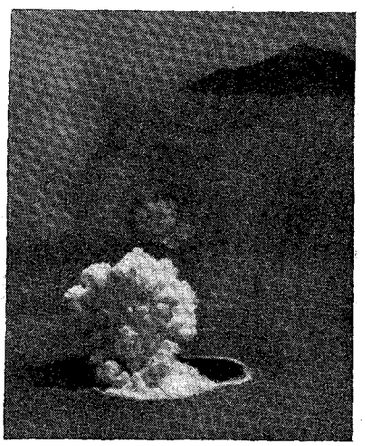
More About Belgium's Mystery Fog

THE RECENT DEADLY FOG in the Meuse Valley in Belgium is no isolated phenomenon, according to C. F. Talman, of the U. S. Weather Bureau.

Records of similar fogs in that locality go back for thirty-three years, and doubtless the trouble, whatever it may be, is far older than this.



Cloud of Steam and Cinders

Hundreds of feet high. In the background, island fragment of crater of the 1883 explosion.

Cold fogs are always unhealthful, and are apt to swell the death-rate. Smoke or other contamination makes them worse. What special contamination exists in the Meuse Valley has not yet been determined with certainty. Writes Mr. Talman in the New York *Times:*

"So far as available records go, the history of the malignant fogs of that region runs back to 1897.

"In January of that year, during a dense fog that lasted three days, there was a startling outbreak of illness among human beings and lower animals in the neighborhood of Huy, somewhat further up the valley than the region of this month's tragedies.

"People who took care to breathe through a handkerchief escaped these effects, and some peasants provided linen nosebags for their cattle.

"In subsequent winters there were several outbreaks of 'fog asthma,' as this complaint is called by Belgian veterinarians. In 1902 a severe epidemic led the Government to undertake an investigation. Post-mortem examination of cattle that died during the fog showed that the connective tissues of the chest organs were injected with blood, and swollen.

"In January, 1911, the malady again raged in the valley. This time a study was made by a well-known Belgian meteorologist, Félix Bertyn.

"The most interesting fact brought out by this inquiry was that, altho the fog had been of the same duration and of approximately equal density all over Belgium, the epidemic had been confined, as in previous cases, to a small portion of the Meuse Valley. Bertyn concluded, therefore, that the complaint was due to some substance of local origin contained in the fog.

"On the other hand, it appears to be well established that cold-weather fogs generally cause a marked increase of asthmatic and pulmonary troubles. Where the fog is contaminated with smoke and soot, the effects are much more serious.

"In the first week of November, 1901, a dense fog prevailed in the British Isles. Three weeks before, with clear weather, the death-rate of thirty-three large towns in England and Wales was 16.7 per thousand, but during the foggy week it rose to 19.7 per thousand. In London it rose, during the same period, from 16 to 19.4 per thousand.

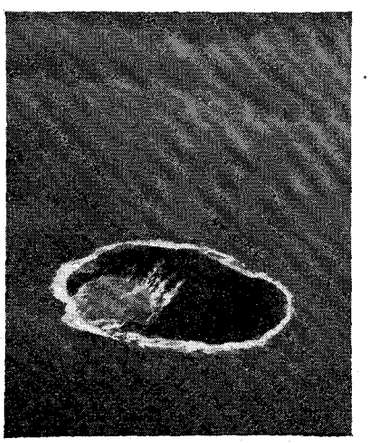
"The recent reports of Belgium's fog mystery recall the stories hitherto discounted in scientific circles as fabulous, of an ice-fog called the 'pogonip,' said to be common in certain Rocky Mountain valleys and to have deadly effects on those who breathe it.

"Apparently no scientific investigation of the pogonip has ever been attempted, and no literature on the subject is recorded in medical bibliographies. The fact—if it is a fact—that this fog consists of ice particles would not necessarily make it dangerous to breathe. Polar explorers frequently breathe an atmosphere charged with such particles and experience no ill-effects. It is unlikely that fogs of ice particles ever occur in Belgium.

"The most significant feature of the recent epidemic was its marked localization at a time when dense fogs prevailed over a vast area of Western Europe. An obvious step in the investigation of the mystery will be to ascertain from what direction the wind was blowing in the district affected at the time of the outbreak, in order to locate a possible source of air pollution."

THE psychology of the fog-panic interests the Louisville *Courier-Journal*, which pictures the frame of mind of the inhabitants thus:

"The inhabitants groped in a world of unreality, in which everything was shadowy and assumed fantastic shape. Judgment of the reasoning faculties was betrayed by the false witness of misled perception. The fog alone was materially in evidence, and it blinded, choked, and chilled them. The pervasive phenomenon penetrated their thought. There wasn't anything else to engage it. Nothing is more contagious than hysteria."



Little "Wisps" of Steam

Actually 300 feet high, where the sea has broken over the crater's rim.

Birth of a Volcanic Island

WILL THE VOLCANO OF KRAKATOA repeat the great explosion of 1883?

Millions who live within reach of its ever-threatening long arm in the Far East would be thankful for a dependable answer to this question, says *The Scientific American* (New York). Science, too, would like an answer.

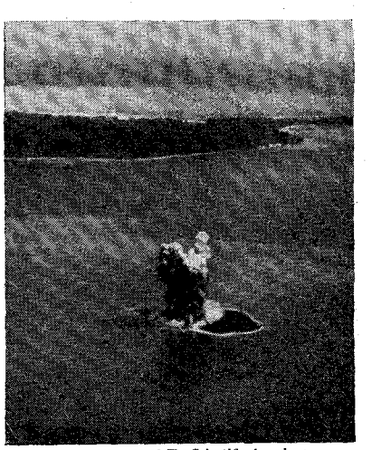
In the great event of 1883, this volcano, lying in Sunda Straits, between Sumatra and Java, suddenly blew into fragments and hurled into the air a cubic mile of powdered matter. We read:

"The original volcanic island, five miles in length, three miles in width, and 6,600 feet high, was replaced by a vast submarine trench eight miles long and more than 1,000 feet in depth. The explosion was heard 3,000 miles away, and its air-wave traveled several times around the earth, while the great seismic sea wave devastated the island in the vicinity, drowning 36,000 people. This wave traveled across the Indian Ocean at the rate of 371 miles per hour, and was recorded even at Cape Horn and in France. No record of an explosion as vast as Krakatoa's exists in human history.

"Then Krakatoa slept for forty-four years. In 1927 signs of a reawakening commenced. An eruption occurred in the deep trench, 1,000 feet below the water, volcanic bombs were hurled to the surface and 4,000 feet into the air. Those who dwell in the vicinity were apprehensive.

"Last summer, as shown above in the group of photographs here reproduced by courtesy of *The Illustrated London News*, old Krakatoa's youthful offspring, 'Anak Krakatoa,' at present a small island crater, growled, scowled, and menaced its neighbors once more. Alternately the new crater, comparatively small but promising, raised itself above the sea and sank beneath the waters.

"What eventually will happen? Who knows? Those who believe the explosion of '83 was due merely to sea-water leaking in on hot rock maintain that a similar event can not happen again, for the rock was all blown away. Others hold that the real cause was the explosion of superheated steam absorbed in and all through the molten magma in the earth's crust. A cubic mile of matter 'popped' like popcorn, and may pop again. The people who live near Krakatoa wonder."



Illustrations by courtesy of *The Scientific American*

The Low Island Crater

On the former site of Krakatoa hurls aloft a column of steam and black cinders to a height of 1,000 feet.

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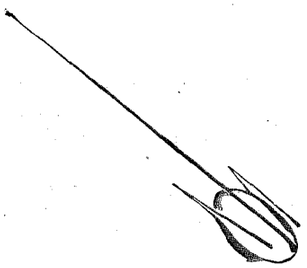
GET MORE OUT OF LIFE THIS YEAR



Get a CHRYSLER

A New Year, another chapter of life, begins. Make it a better year; be a lot happier; get more out of life . . . get a Chrysler!

Motor cars now play such an important part in modern life, and mean so much to the enjoyment of life, that you should let nothing stop you from owning the most enjoyable motor car you can possibly own . . . And that means—*get a Chrysler.*

The 1931 Chryslers — the Chrysler Sixes, the Chrysler Eights and the Chrysler Imperial Eights — provide today a Chrysler motor car for practically every purse. There is no longer even a money reason why you shouldn't get a Chrysler.

There is the *pride* of owning a Chrysler; the beautiful smartness of a Chrysler; the power and speed and smoothness of a Chrysler; the safety of Chrysler reinforced bodies; self-equalizing internal hydraulic brakes —reasons no end why you *should get a Chrysler.*

You'll so completely enjoy a Chrysler that you'll say, just as other owners do, that you have never before known how enjoyable a car really could be.

Make it a New Year's resolution: *Get a Chrysler!*

CHRYSLER SIXES	CHRYSLER EIGHTS	CHRYSLER IMPERIAL EIGHTS
$745 to $1345	$1495 to $1665	$2745 to $3575

All prices f. o. b. factory

Chrysler Eight and Chrysler Imperial Eight closed cars are factory-wired for immediate installation of Transitone, the pioneer automobile radio. Other models will be equipped on order.

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Announcing

A NEW OLDSMOBILE WITH IMPORTANT NEW FEATURES IN BODY, ENGINE *and* CHASSIS *and* LOWER PRICES

THE SYNCRO-MESH TRANSMISSION—*Eliminates gear clashing, and permits smooth, silent shifting through all gears . . . from low into second, from second to high, and from high back to second, as desired.* **A NEW QUIET SECOND GEAR**—*Assures smooth, swift acceleration . . . in second gear . . . which rivals high gear performance in quietness.* **NEW DOWN-DRAFT CARBURETION**—*Gives substantially increased power—with higher speed, faster acceleration and greater smoothness . . . and it assures instantaneous starting even at zero temperature.* **COORDINATED STARTER AND THROTTLE**—*Add to driving convenience by automatically opening throttle to proper starting position.* **A NEW CARBURETOR-SILENCER**—*Muffles the sound of air entering the carburetor and contributes to quieter operation at all driving speeds.* **A DEEPER, STURDIER FRAME**—*Improves roadability and gives greater strength and solidity to the car as a whole.* **NEW INSULATED FISHER BODIES**—*Are warmer in winter, cooler in summer, and remarkably quiet. Fundamental advancements in Fisher construction add materially to body strength and serviceability.* *Resulting advantages of all these features are readily apparent in* **MORE DISTINCTIVE APPEARANCE** *and* **FINER PERFORMANCE.**

As soon as you view the new Oldsmobile you will discover that new grace and beauty have been added to its distinctive appearance. From every angle, you get a definite impression that the car is longer and lower.

You will also discover finer coachwork. Fundamental advancements in construction, which add to strength and serviceability, make the new Fisher Bodies remarkably quiet under all operating conditions. New insulation makes them warmer in winter and cooler in summer. And smart new tailoring and appointments add to the attractiveness of the new Fisher Body interiors.

Further, you will find even more brilliant all-round performance than in the past. New down-draft carburetion brings increased power, with higher speed, faster acceleration, and greater smoothness. It assures instantaneous starting, even at zero

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New grace and beauty have been added to Oldsmobile's distinctive appearance

temperature. And a new carburetor-silencer contributes to quieter performance at all driving speeds.

Finally, the new Oldsmobile will prove itself so easy to drive that you'll find renewed pleasure in motoring, wherever you go. Oldsmobile's Syncro-Mesh transmission . . . a feature heretofore found only in higher priced cars . . . permits silent shifting through all gears . . . from low into second, from second to high, and from high back to second, as desired.

In addition, Oldsmobile's Syncro-Mesh transmission has a new Quiet Second Gear—assuring smooth, swift acceleration which rivals high gear performance in quietness.

These many new features make the new Oldsmobile a great car to drive . . . just as its finer quality and lower price make it the logical car to own.

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PERSONAL GLIMPSES

"Champion Nickel-Stretchers"

"SINCE THE FIRST YEAR we were married, I have been barber-in-chief to my husband. We do not attempt to keep up with the Joneses. We do not know the Joneses."

Thus Priscilla Pennypacker in *The Forum and Century*, as she explains the economies which enable her family—including herself, her husband, and two children, to manage on $1,800 a year.

The Pennypackers, admits the lady of the house with the implication of a chuckle, are, according to statistics, "without a decent standard of living," but are unaware of it. However, she adds, "there is a multitude of things that we would like to have, and have not."

But, shucks! You "ain't heard nothin' yet!"

Meet Mr. and Mrs. John Kincaid of Broken Arrow, Oklahoma. They have fifteen children, ranging from one year of age up to twenty-four. All but one of them live at home.

And the Kincaids, too, believe it or not, manage on $1,800 a year, stretching that sum four times as far as Mrs. Pennypacker. How they do it is explained by a writer in the Newspaper Enterprise Association's *Every Week Magazine*.

Courtesy of *Every Week Magazine*

They Keep Well and Happy on $150 a Month

Mr. and Mrs. John Kincaid and their fifteen children, of whom all but one live at home and help keep the family going.

THEN there are the Millers, colored folk in the poorest section of Harlem, New York City. They, too, are good nickel-stretchers. They have to be—on $1,040 a year, Mr. Miller's pay in his regular job. The Millers and their children and tenants, thirteen in all, we are told, live in a tiny five-room flat, and still manage to keep their self-respect.

How they do it; how their tenants make ends meet on $15 or even $10 a week; how one little cot-bed works twenty-four hours a day in three eight-hour shifts, and how one small kitchen does overtime to cook three meals a day for three families—these mysteries are explained by a writer in *The American Weekly*, who remarks:

"Life in the Harlem slums may be primitive, but it is far from simple, as any one can see by considering the traffic and industrial problems that must be regulated in one of those kitchens."

Apparently our editors are becoming income-conscious. For quite a while now discussion of how much money is needed to rear a family has been going on both here and abroad; and the successive revelations of domestic economies and financing schemes have had a sort of cumulative effect. Each one, increasing its element of surprize, has carried a heavier impact.

The matter has been before DIGEST readers before. Not long ago we discust whether $5,000 a year is the ideal annual income, and there was mention of a similar debate in England, where George Bernard Shaw estimates £400 a year as the proper amount, and Lady Duff Gordon £6,000. It is given new point by the recent articles about the Pennypackers, Kincaids, and Millers.

For specific details of budgets and the like, let us turn first to the $1,800-a-year Kincaids.

Mr. Kincaid makes $150 a month as an oil company's powerhouse attendant. How does he spend his pay? Or rather, how do he and his wife coax it to do all that is required of it? The writer in *Every Week Magazine* gives us this glimpse of the Kincaid family machine, functioning on its strictly cooperative basis:

During the gardening season much of the family's vegetable requirements are raised at home. Potatoes, tomatoes, and lettuce may be found growing under the careful direction of Allen, the official horticulturist.

"Last year," said Allen, "we raised sixty-seven bushels of potatoes." A cow provides the family with fresh milk.

Even so, most of the family's food must be purchased at Broken Arrow. And such purchases! Sugar is bought in 100-pound lots, apples by the bushel, and bread by the "many loaves." "With forty biscuits consumed every morning," said Mr. Kincaid, "I purchase flour in two large sacks." Soap, he explained, is bought in 110-bar lots, and other supplies proportionately.

Last summer Enid and her sisters, with their mother's help, put up 400 quarts of fruit. Of this, more than 100 pounds were consumed in a recent month.

Pies for the family are cooked in a pan which ordinary folks would use for roasting turkeys. Nevertheless, according to Mrs. Kincaid, the official pie-maker, there is seldom anything left in the pan after a meal.

Not only do the Kincaids grow as much of their food as possible, but they also make as many of their clothes as possible. Mrs. Kincaid, Enid, Kate, and Velma are the family's official tailors.

With the exception of trousers, coats, shoes, and special Sunday-go-to-meeting costumes, most of the clothes are made at home. Nevertheless, it is no small bill to pay for seventeen pairs of shoes every year, and new suits for the boys when school starts in the fall.

MR. PENNYPACKER'S income from his regular employment, not specified, is even less than Mr. Kincaid's—only $1,350 in 1929, for example. In the same year his wife earned $221 with "a somewhat scratchy pen," and approximately $200 came from "other sources." Nearly $1,800 a year, but not quite.

And with such preliminary explanations Mrs. Pennypacker launches into a description of her many and varied domestic economies. Payments on the house total $750, taxes and insurance, $150. There! Half of the income is gone already. The rest is made to serve in this manner, according to

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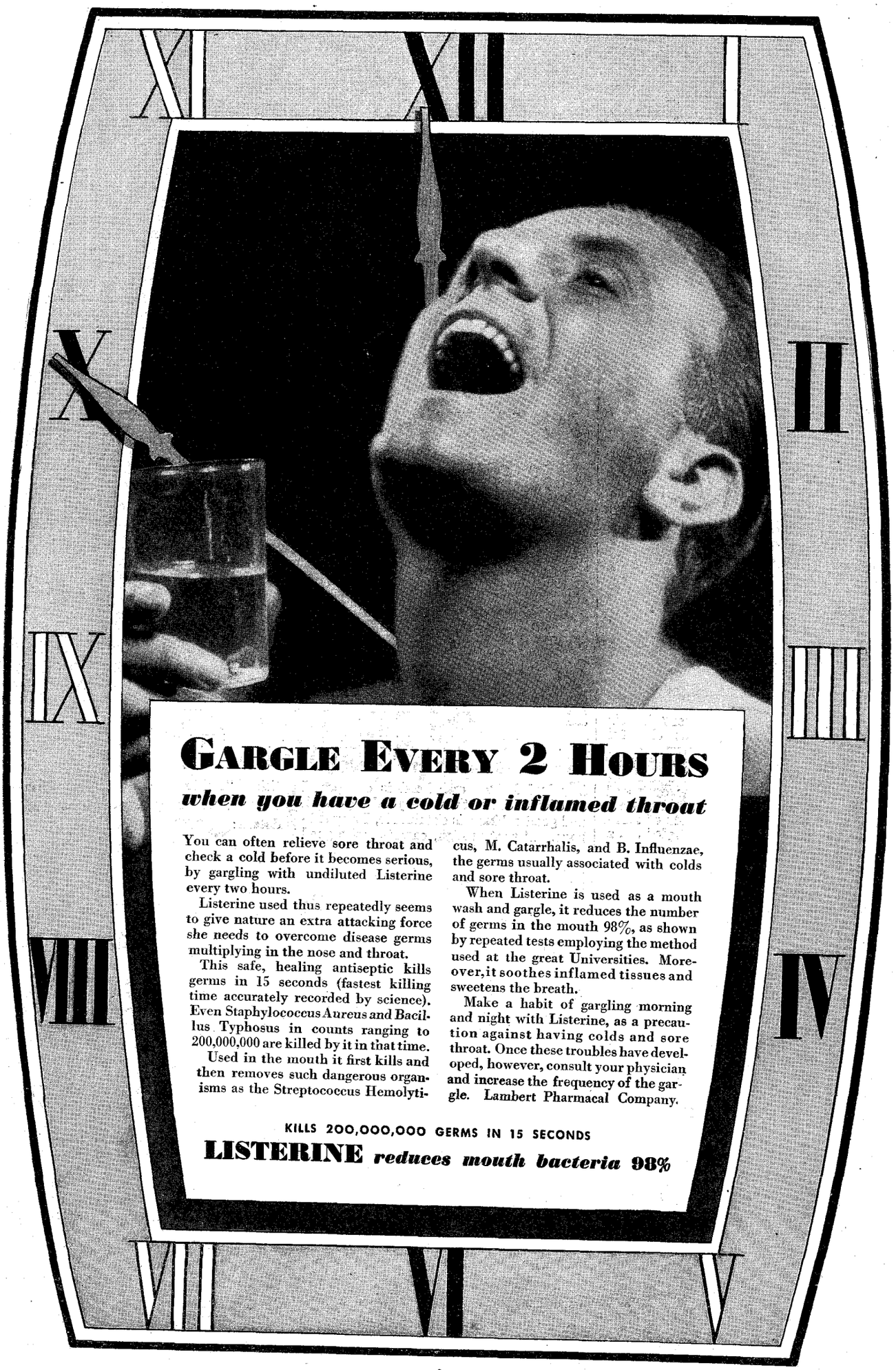

GARGLE EVERY 2 HOURS

when you have a cold or inflamed throat

You can often relieve sore throat and check a cold before it becomes serious, by gargling with undiluted Listerine every two hours.

Listerine used thus repeatedly seems to give nature an extra attacking force she needs to overcome disease germs multiplying in the nose and throat.

This safe, healing antiseptic kills germs in 15 seconds (fastest killing time accurately recorded by science). Even Staphylococcus Aureus and Bacillus Typhosus in counts ranging to 200,000,000 are killed by it in that time.

Used in the mouth it first kills and then removes such dangerous organisms as the Streptococcus Hemolyticus, M. Catarrhalis, and B. Influenzae, the germs usually associated with colds and sore throat.

When Listerine is used as a mouth wash and gargle, it reduces the number of germs in the mouth 98%, as shown by repeated tests employing the method used at the great Universities. Moreover, it soothes inflamed tissues and sweetens the breath.

Make a habit of gargling morning and night with Listerine, as a precaution against having colds and sore throat. Once these troubles have developed, however, consult your physician and increase the frequency of the gargle. Lambert Pharmacal Company.

KILLS 200,000,000 GERMS IN 15 SECONDS

LISTERINE ***reduces mouth bacteria 98%***

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For Information, Literature, etc., address Dept. of Publicity, Miami, Fla.

Mrs. Pennypacker's account in *The Forum:*

There are certain principles that govern our spending. The first of these is cash buying. To this general rule we make certain exceptions.

Our home is being bought on the instalment plan.

The phonograph is being paid for by a similar, tho not identical arrangement. The dealer from whom we obtained the phonograph rents a garage from us, but he pays nothing for the garage and we pay nothing for the phonograph.

Clothes, in the ordinary family budget, loom as a large item. Not so in ours, and for various reasons. The first reason is that I make practically everything we wear.

In the matter of food, I am, as my husband says, and as I admit, the "champion nickel-stretcher."

My menus are the most adjustable things in the world. If I had planned to buy leaf lettuce, and head is cheaper, I buy head. If both are beyond my reach and good cabbage is obtainable, I buy cabbage. If that is high, carrots make good salads. If I had planned on oranges, and somebody offers a bargain in grapefruit, my family eats grapefruit. If all fruit runs too high, I fall back on my own supply of canned goods until fruit prices drop. If I had planned on pork, and veal or beef happen to be cheaper, we eat veal or beef.

Courtesy of *The American Weekly*

Your Kitchen Would Be Cluttered, too, if Thirteen People Used It

IT may be a far cry from the Kincaids and Pennypackers to the neighbors of Amos 'n' Andy; but life's problems in Harlem certainly are no easier than in Broken Arrow, if we may judge by *The American Weekly's* story of the Millers.

This family of five, trying to live on a garage helper's salary of $20 a week, occupies a "walk-up" flat of five small rooms on One Hundred and Fortieth Street, near Park Avenue, the avenue whose other end is the rendezvous of the wealth and fashion of New York.

How do the Millers pay $30 a month rent, and yet save?

By renting out rooms!

Yes, they even sport a piano—rather old and careworn, but nevertheless a piano that can be played—so the chronicler of their fortunes asserts, continuing:

Miller's total weekly income is $30—$20 of which is paid him by the garage where he is employed—and on this he supports himself, his wife, and his three children, aged ten, five, and two.

The usual expenses of the household, computed on a four-week basis, are: Rent, $30; food, $56 (an average of $3.50 a person a week); gas, $1.20; kerosene, $3; coal, $3.50; carfare, $2.40; incidentals, $3.50.

When the sum total of these expenses is subtracted from the total monthly income, there remains a small surplus, which may be seriously depleted if one or more of the spare rooms is not rented. When Miller is fortunate enough to rent all his rooms over a period of four weeks, he finds himself in a position to pay for the bare essentials of life, and still have enough money for luxuries such as clothes, medicine, household equipment, and dessert.

A HISTORY of how the family has managed to survive on this basis might perhaps be titled "Achieving the Impossible," the writer remarks, going on to give these details:

The bedroom adjoining the kitchen is the home of three young men. The room is about as small as bedrooms are to be found, and is really no more than an alcove on the passageway from kitchen to parlor; and it contains just one single cot.

This cot could not possibly hold more than one full-grown person at a time, so it has to hold the three tenants one after the other in eight-hour stretches, which just neatly use up the twenty-four hours, without a moment wasted.

The next bedroom is the home of an elevator operator, at present out of work, and his wife, a laundress, earning $10 a week. The laundress prepares her own and her husband's meals independently in the Miller kitchen.

The parlor is the same size as the kitchen, and larger than any of the three bedrooms; also the most lavishly furnished, containing a double bed, a child's crib and such luxuries as chairs, tables, and, above all, a piano. The parlor rents for $4 a week.

The man who, with his wife and small child, occupies the parlor, is an assistant shipping clerk and packer employed by a dress jobbing establishment. He earns $18 a week and pays $4 a week rent. His and his family's food costs about $10.50 a week, which leaves him $3.50 for clothes, carfare, newspapers, etc.

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Golf at the Fireside

WHY be a "snowbird," afflicted with a cold nose and frost-nipt feet, all because of devotion to golf?

Why brave wintry blasts and deep drifts all for the joy of a hole in one, a birdie, or even a round in 203?

You can have your golf, and be snug and warm and dry at one and the same time.

The Tom Thumb golf course that occupied the vacant lot at the corner last summer has a brother, not so noticeable, since it stays in store-rooms, basements, clubs, and hotels, but just as popular. In a word—indoor golf.

Sol Metzger, writing in *The Elks Magazine*, reminds us of indoor golf in general, and in particular of a recent benefaction to mankind provided by a group of Ohio enthusiasts who have made it possible to play golf on your own hearth rug, more or less. Continuing:

The equipment requires nothing more than a large rug and a few ingeniously designed blocks of heavy wood. Arranged four holes to the course, they are laid out in accordance with a prearranged pattern.

Each block of wood has a hole in its center, with a small entrance to the hole at one side. The object of the player is to putt his ball from the tee with such accuracy as to bring it to a stop opposite the slot which leads to the hole.

UNDOUBTEDLY, according to Mr. Metzger, "indoor golf has become one of the leading winter sports in the big Northern cities." And he says further of the courses:

Hotels, athletic clubs, and private homes now boast them, and the demand by professional golfers establishing indoor schools is enormous.

Naturally, the latter have found in them a tremendous stimulus to business and income. In cost the courses range from $750 to $3,500.

To assure sportiness, they are designed with undulations often so tricky that, to the player who masters them, putting, which is half of any golf game, will seem easy in comparison when later attempted at the familiar country-club holes.

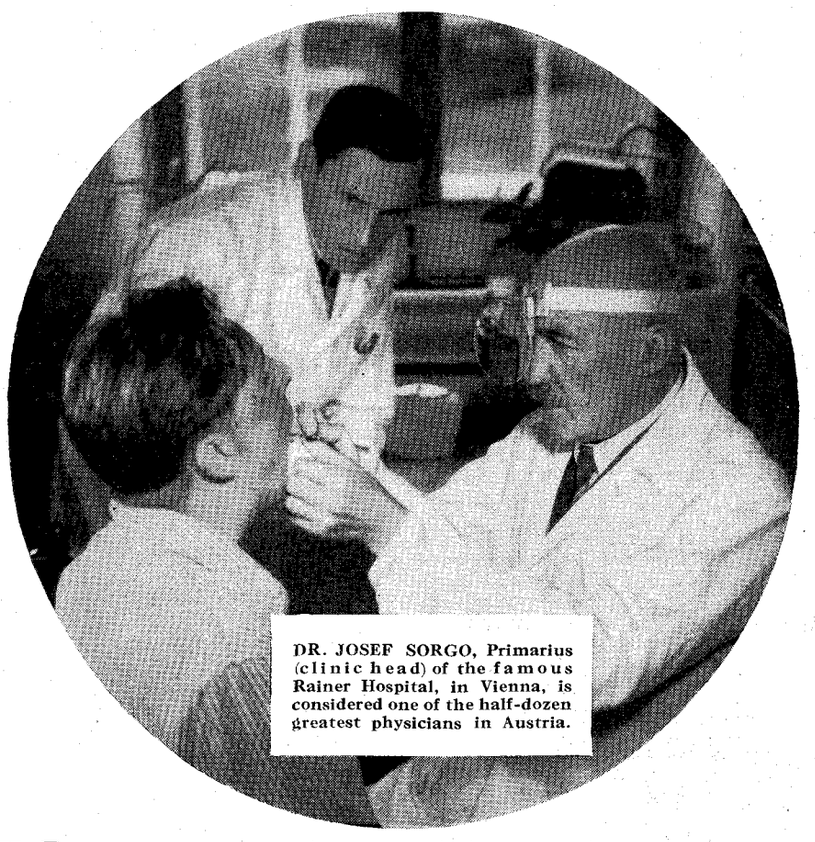
One of the first organizations to install a complete indoor course was the Golfers' Club of New York.

Located on the ground floor of the club-house, in a room not much more than average size, its interesting hazards and "turf," and its mural background, reproducing famous American golf holes, constitute a magnet which draws players the year around for short games and practise.

An interesting example of the possibilities of a basement course is furnished by the St. Paul, Minnesota, Athletic Club.

This was installed last winter after the manager had visited and enjoyed several similar courses in Eastern cities. By tearing out six bowling-alleys, the club was able to construct a complete eighteen-hole course, reproducing in miniature a beautiful outdoor links.

An important indoor match was played at the formal opening of the Medinah Athletic Club Building in Chicago last winter. One of the striking features of the new club-house is an eighteen-hole, perfectly appointed and designed indoor course.



DR. JOSEF SORGO, Primarius (clinic head) of the famous Rainer Hospital, in Vienna, is considered one of the half-dozen greatest physicians in Austria.

Yeast corrects the trouble *underlying* Frequent Colds

explains this FAMOUS AUSTRIAN SPECIALIST

YOU know it well enough without consulting a doctor . . . a cold is a sign of lowered resistance. It means that your system is run-down.

And nine times out of ten that is the case because of one underlying bodily condition . . . Intestinal Fatigue!

Then why not put yourself in shape to resist colds by getting at the cause now?

There is a very simple, proved way—the regular eating of fresh yeast. As the noted Austrian authority, Dr. Sorgo, explains: "Fresh yeast is a food. Unlike violent laxative drugs, it will gently restore normal bowel action . . . Thus, by keeping the intestinal tract clean, it increases resistance to colds and catarrhs."

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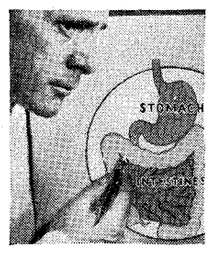
So don't take chances with colds this winter. Start eating Fleischmann's Yeast! Each cake is rich in vitamins B, G and D. At grocers', restaurants, soda fountains.

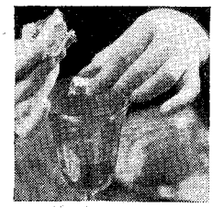
NOTED HOSPITAL HEAD SAYS:—

DR. PAOLUCCI, distinguished Italian hospital director, explains: "Constipation predisposes to colds, etc. Fresh yeast keeps the intestines clean."



Poisons that spread **from clogged intestines lower the body's resistance to sore throats and colds. "Fresh yeast keeps the intestinal tract *clean* . . . helps ward off colds and infections," physicians explain.**

●



Try Fleischmann's Yeast **dissolved in a third of a glass of water (hot or cold). Or eat it just plain—or any way you like. Eat three cakes every day, before or between meals and at bedtime.**

(*Left*) From Winnipeg, Man., Miss Catharine Fraser (*at right in photograph*) writes: "Yeast improved my health tremendously. The rigors of our northern climate do not worry me."

To benefit fully, be sure you get fresh yeast . . Fleischmann's

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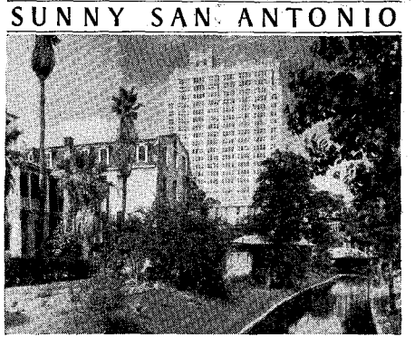

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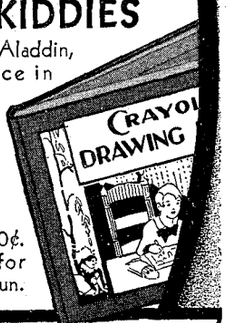

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Keeping Fit in Navaho Land

LIVE in the sunshine and air, wear few clothes in childhood; keep on the go; take "Turkish" baths; eat plain food.

That is the Navaho Indian's prescription for good health, and, according to Louise R. Marshall, it works.

This is what she says about it in *Good Health* (Battle Creek, Mich.):

The sun-bath fad may be of recent origin among white folk, but it is an old custom among the primitive Navahos of northern Arizona. Disease does not come to them from crowded conditions as in Indian villages of the pueblo style, where one dwelling joins the next. Forty thousand Navahos are scattered over 14,000,000 acres, a "homestead" larger than New Hampshire, Rhode Island, Connecticut, and Massachusetts.

The Navaho child should be a husky member if sunshine has anything to do with growth. From the time the boy is taken from the baby board until he reaches the age of three or four years, his clothing problem is a source of worry and expense to no one. He always has a sun-bath outfit—his birthday suit does nicely—and he romps and skips unconcernedly with the sun and breezes shedding their full store of health properties upon his little brown body. Should the idea suddenly strike his parents that he should be "dolled up," he then begins to wear a little shirt striking him at about the waist line. Little Sister always wears a dress, however, with a little full skirt reaching clear to her feet. Boys and girls alike play all day in the sunshine in a land noted for its sunny days.

They can ride almost as soon as they can walk, and that tends to keep them out in the open. There is abundant exercise, for they walk miles herding the sheep. A Navaho sheep literally eats on the run.

Ordinary bathing does not play a very prominent rôle in the Navaho schedule, partly on account of the scarcity of water on the desert, but they do indulge in one sort of bath that compares favorably with our Turkish bath. A Navaho *hogan* has only one room, and not large at that, and there is no space for unnecessary trifles such as bathing, so the bathroom, or *ta cha*—"sweat *hogan*," as near as we could express it—is built some little distance from the dwelling, and often several families will make use of a community affair.

The *ta cha* is built like the *hogan*, a mound resembling a beehive, made of a frame of cedar boughs, covered with adobe and cedar bark. It is very small, and to enter one must crawl in on hands and knees. It does not have a smoke hole in the roof like a *hogan*, so the only opening is the door. Kindling a fire outside, the bathing patient heats rocks as hot as possible, and these he throws into the *ta cha*. He then crawls into the fiery furnace, hangs a blanket over the door and proceeds to "sweat it out."

SHOULD the Navaho ever desire the luxury of soap for his ablutions, the yucca plant with its soapy root is at hand. If a pool of water should be near, he jumps into it to close the pores of the skin, altho he has no idea it is for that purpose. If no water is handy, he comes out with the sweat dripping off his body and rolls in the sand to dry himself. No doubt this is the preventive and cure of many minor ills, Miss Marshall tells us.

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When Tunney Was a Movie Fan

JACK had "a murderous left hook to the heart," but he had to "set himself" to get it across.

Gene caught on—"the fraction of a second to get set, then bam!"

The fight-world was hypnotized by the bam. Only Gene noticed the pause.

Thanks to the movies, Tunney discovered this idiosyncrasy of Jack Dempsey's ring style. For the movies, three years of them, aided Tunney into the heavyweight championship, according to Daniel Morgan, the manager of fighters, writing in the New York *World* Magazine. Mr. Morgan, in the first of a series of copyrighted articles, relates some unfamiliar details of Tunney's prechampionship campaign.

It is his surprizing contention, for example, that Tunney really won the title in the Dempsey-Firpo fight of 1923.

To justify this statement, the writer takes us back to the end of the war, and shows Gene Tunney, just out of the Marine Corps, his mind made up to win the heavyweight championship from Dempsey, and imprest with the need of study to this end. We read:

Tunney decided to make the moving-pictures of Dempsey's fights his text-books.

And then came that night in 1923, when Dempsey fought Firpo.

You know, Firpo came within an ace of winning that fight.

Well, Tunney noticed that as Dempsey came rushing wildly at Firpo—his usual method of attack—the Wild Bull, who didn't know any more about boxing than your great-grandaunt, shoved out his gloved fists much the same as you would shove out your hands to ward off some one about to bump into you.

It happens Dempsey's chin bumps into Firpo's right fist, and Jack almost goes down. In fact, he does sink to one knee, but he grabs Firpo and pulls himself up.

There was Tunney's tip-off.

He haunts the theater that shows the pictures of the fight next day, and for several days thereafter, and finally gets for himself a copy of the film.

And does he study it! He studies the fight in slow motion, fast, and at the regular speed of three minutes to the round. This last he does so he can study Dempsey's timing accurately.

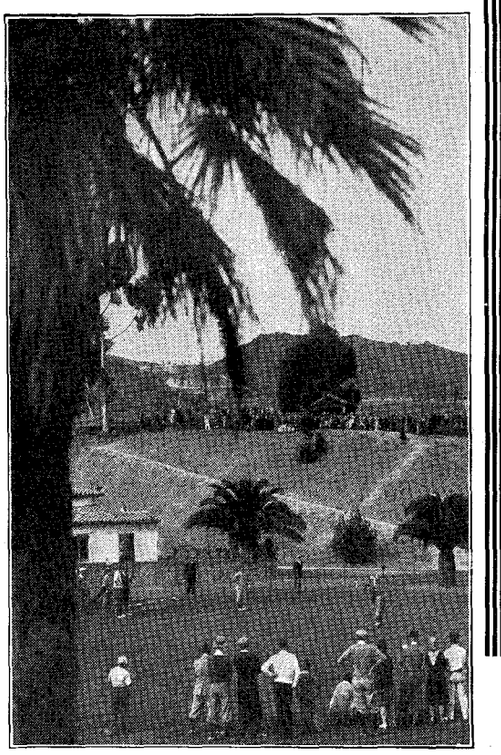
And Gene settles down to his study. He memorizes every move of Dempsey's—how he delivers his blows, how he starts 'em, how he finishes 'em. Not only memorizes, but he analyzes 'em.

He notices Jack has a murderous left hook to the heart, but he also notices, in the slows, that the old Manassa Mauler has to set himself before he delivers it.

Next Tunney begins working out his part of the fight. He shadow-boxes as he watches Dempsey's movements.

He slips in with a right just at the instant that he knows there will be that Dempsey pause. Then he practises his moves and his punches on the big bag.

This goes on for three years, Tunney always fighting a mental picture of Dempsey, and by that time Gene knows a blamed sight more about Dempsey and his fighting than Jack knows himself. Aye, for three years Tunney is training for that one fight.



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SOME sonnets that might bear the title "Into Battle," if it were not already used, are brought forth by F. P. A. in the New York *World* with an explanatory note:

AT THE FRONT

BY JOHN ERSKINE

(First Impressions)

[On May 13, 1918, Mr. John Erskine gave the editor of The Conning Tower these sonnets, for publication in the *Stars and Stripes*. The officer in charge considered them unsuitable. Yesterday we found them, and are now printing them with Mr. Erskine's again-obtained permission.]

I

Is this the front—this level sweep of life,
This pageant without pulse of haste or fear?
Can this calm exercise be mortal strife?
Is the last reach of passion measured here?
We looked for angry blade and poisonous breath
Striking the floor of judgment, flail and fan;
Here lurked, we thought, crude agonies of death—
But here, in one wide dignity, is man.

Others behind the conflict, safe and far,
Still wage with lips their travesty of war;
We catch the rumor when the cannon cease.
Here at the front, when most the cannon rage,
The dream-touched actors on this mighty stage
In silence play their parts, and seem at peace.

II

Framed in with battle, this weird pantomime,
This dignity of action conjures up
Shades of old heroes—Lancelot in his prime,
Galahad questing for the holy cup,
Beautiful Hector marching to his fate,
Tristram and Palimedes, rivals twain.
And Roland sounding his proud horn too late—
These quiet actors play these parts again.
And in the lull the critics far away
Who have not seen, nor ever read, this play,
Who cannot act, who never trod the stage—
Their quarrel mingle with the threatening cry
Of the scene-shifters watching Roland die,
Who seize the moment for a better wage.

III

If this world be a stage, what hours we give
To tedious make-up in the tiring-room;
How simply comes at last our cue to live,
How, ere we know it, we enact our doom!
The wisdom that impels us to the play
Is patient with us while we choose our parts,
But without warning sounds our judgment day;
The curtain rises—life, the drama, starts.

How late it starts! Ere this grim curtain rose,
How long we practiced attitude and pose,
Disguise of accent, costume, mood or mind!
Yet in this inventory of our art,
Living at last, we play our naked heart;
How brief a reckoning counts us with our kind!

IV

If character be fate, no need to ask
Who set the stage, who cast you for the rôle;
Put on what man you are, put off the mask,
Put on the tragic pattern of your soul.
At last be true; no gesture now let spring
But from supreme sincerity of art;
Let him who plays the monarch be a king,
Who plays the rogue be perfect in his part.

So when this hour had rung, the scene began.
One played the rash, one played the patient man,
And one, the hero, drew the dragon's fangs;
One heard death's bugler calling and obeyed,
And one, a rose-cheeked boy, the martyr played;
One played the traitor well—see where he hangs.

V

We yet may play more rôles than once we believed,
Since to himself at last each man is known,
Since now the actor studies undeceived
The part he learned, and lived, and has outgrown.
And those, the few and flawless, the sublime
Whose poignance of perfection strikes us dumb—
Even for themselves, in the surprise of the time,
Doubt not another reckoning will come.
"Comrades, we shall rehearse more wisely—yea,
There shall be nobler persons in our play,
We shall rebuild the plot on kindlier laws."
So at the front they act, and see, and ponder,
And win, with simple gratitude and wonder,
Peace in themselves, which is their sole applause.

IT is a pity to break up a sonnet sequence such as Miss Millay's in *Harper's*, but the final one does not lose by severance. No title is given:

SONNET

BY EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY

If in the years to come you should recall,
When faint at heart or fallen on hungry days,
Or full of griefs and little if at all
From them distracted by delights or praise;
When failing powers or good opinion lost
Have bowed your neck, should you recall to mind
How of all men I honored you the most,
Holding you noblest among mortal-kind:
Might not my love—although the curving blade
From whose wide mowing none may hope to hide,
Me long ago below the frosts had laid—
Restore you somewhat to your former pride?
Indeed I think this memory, even then,
Must raise you high among the run of men.

THIS writer, in *Interludes* (Baltimore), finds a crum of comfort in a reflection overlooked by most. One might call it the apotheosis of the ego:

E PLURIBUS UNUM

BY WARREN ARIAIL

I have floated into life on the sea of death;
Multitudes have died that I may live.
Millenniums of life have been busy
Bringing me into existence;
Countless men have borne
The spark of life to me.

Billions of breaths have been drawn
That I may draw my breath.
From the time that the morning stars sang
Creation's prelude, I have been
A germ of life leaping forward
From the deaths of men.

And so from me in the future
Men will spring into life and find the goals
I strove to find but failed and sighed in failing.
And after I have lain a century,
Forgotten in the finding of new things,
A little dust in the giant arms of dust,
Some blood of mine will yet be warm, some heart
Will echo my old care and happiness.

OVERTONES of Paul Robeson come to us in reading this in *The Poetry Review* (London):

BANJO

BY M. SCOTT JOHNSTON

A southern instrument are you,
O jolly banjo, O sunny Jim,
Twanging through the lazy afternoons
And stealing star rays from the night
With your kaleidoscopic tunes.

"Water-boy, where are you hiding;
If you don't come
Gwine to tell yuh Mammy.
There ain't no hammer that's on-a this mountain
That ring-a like mine, boys,
That ring-a like mine."

Your notes are bright colours falling,
Clear drops of prismatic sound.
Our voices and our dancing feet
Wake to your thrumming rhythmic beat.
"Farewell to you, my Nancy,
Ten thousand times adieu."
O jolly banjo you're laughing now—
Your music is of peonies,
Mine is distilled from rue.

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A LITTLE life drama, by implication, in *The Forum* (New York):

HARD SENSE

BY ELSPETH

She kept a little moon
  Yellow as butter;
Hoarded a little tune
  Too sad to utter;

Cherished a windy sky
  Secret and holy;
Treasured the way birds fly,
  Solemnly, slowly.

Parson at last is glad,
  Old wives are grinning;
Wed to her neighbor's lad,
  Set her to spinning. . . .

Flax on the busy loom,
  Children to cherish,
So in one narrow room
  Folly will perish.

Here is a silver spoon,
  Here a copper kettle,
For her who thought the moon
  Made of dearer metal.

THE deeper meaning of Christmas remains after the festivity is over, so this poem from *G. K.'s Weekly* (London) needs no apology, tho belated:

THE CRADLE OF THE WINDS

BY F. C.

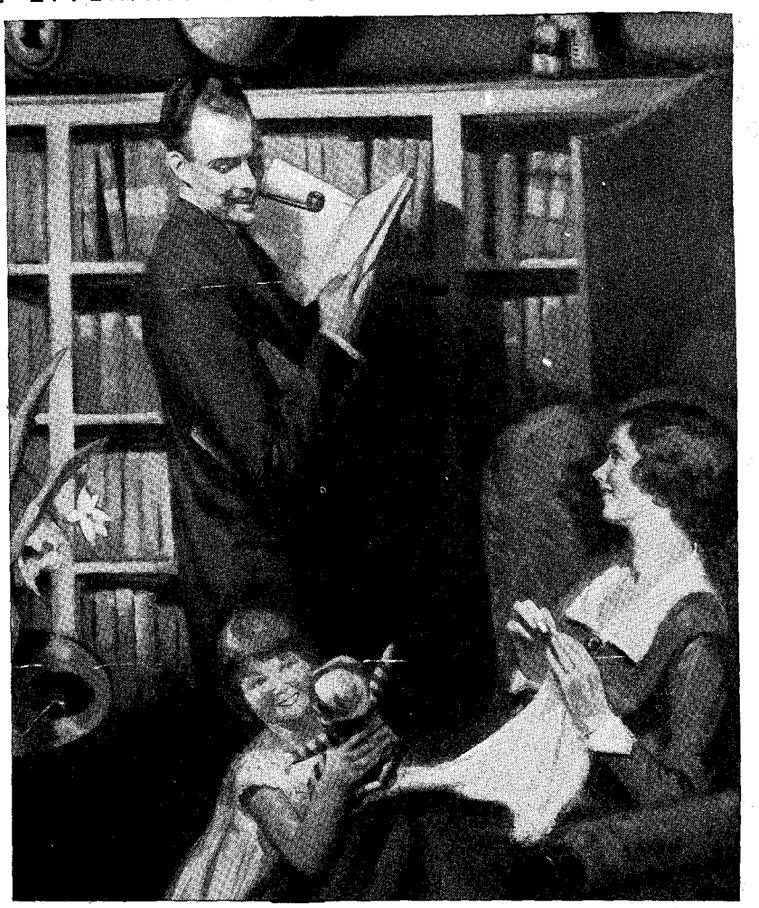
From frozen ice lands blows the wind of the North,
The cold wind of danger, wild wind of wrath.
Mystery wind sing loud, sing deep,
Sing to a Babe that is lying asleep,
  Sing loud, sing deep.
Blow wind, blow through the stable door,
Scatter the dead leaves over the floor.
Mary fold closer the covering hay;
Wind of the North that comes this way,
Is quick to harden, quick to slay.
  Pray Mary pray.

From the high mountains blows the wind of the East,
The dry wind of menace, anger released.
Magical wind, sing low, sing high,
Sing to an ass that is standing by,
  Sing low, sing high.
Blow wind, blow through the narrow chink,
Ox, ass and sheep may tremble and shrink.
Mary, wait for the sign of day;
Wind of the East that comes this way
Ready for battle, ready to flay.
  Pray Mary pray.

From golden deserts blows the wind of the South,
Wind of the spices, a kiss on the mouth.
Whispering wind sing up, sing down,
Sing to a Maid, that shall wear a crown,
  Sing up, sing down.
Blow wind, blow through the broken rafter,
Fill the pitiable stable with laughter,
Gently blow where Angels play;
Wind of the South that comes this way
Ever to wander, never to stay.
  Pray Mary pray.

From the deep forest blows the wind of the West,
Wind of the Spirit, wind of the Quest.
Changing wind, sing shine, sing rain,
Sing to a world that is born again,
  Sing shine, sing rain
Breathe softly, breathe and lift the hair
Of the Child that lies in slumber there.
Wind so gracious, wind so gay,
Wind of the West that comes this way,
Lightly let His cradle sway.
  Pray Mary pray.

He holds the great winds in His helpless hand;
From forest and desert, mountain and land,
The octave notes from near and far
Call to the men who follow a Star
  From near, from far.
Winds shake the bells in the high church steeple,
Summon the king, the priest and the people,
Each in his ordained array,
To holy night, to holy day.
The winds of God have come this way.
  To-day, to-day.



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—JOHN USHER

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A Cheap Money "Tonic" for Business

A REAL CHRISTMAS PRESENT TO BANKS, and indirectly to the people of the country, was the cut in the rediscount rate of the New York Federal Reserve Bank rate down to 2 per cent., the lowest ever known.

This step, says the New York *World*, should aid the revival of business by creating greater confidence, and in the opinion of the Philadelphia *Bulletin* it creates "a definite urge for the captains of industry to go ahead."

"Business is bound to enter upon the New Year in a spirit of solidly revived hope because of it," declares the Washington *Star*. This is one of the times when "a statistic can become stentorian," in the Boston *News Bureau's* phrase.

Of course, observes the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* a little more conservatively, "cheap money is not a magic key that will unlock prosperity, but the psychological effect is all for the good." It might be added right here that the New York *Journal of Commerce* and one or two other papers are not so enthusiastic, a point of view that will be noted a little further on.

In the meantime financial columns of the New York newspapers refer to the move as a "trade tonic." The actual reduction came as something of a surprize to the banking community. The New York bank is such an important institution that even if its move is not imitated, it is most significant.

Most financial commentators expect the other reserve banks to fall in line. Boston, by the way, is now on a 3 per cent. basis, while the other banks have 3½ per cent. rates. Of course, as the New York *World* notes, "the rediscount rate is to a considerable extent regarded as a barometer for the whole money market, and accordingly changes in it usually precede changes in other rates." And other interest rates in the financial center have since been lowered.

This reduction now gives the New York bank the lowest rate maintained by any central bank in the world at the present time. As the New York *Times* notes in its news columns, "the Bank of France rate is 2½ per cent. and the Bank of England rate is 3 per cent." The present spread tends to draw surplus funds from New York to London and Paris, thus reducing our large stock of gold. But the European rates may be lowered at any time. As *The Times* recalls:

> Reduction of one-half of 1 per cent. in the Federal Reserve Bank rate was the fifth such cut during 1930, and the seventh successive reduction since the break in the stock market in October, 1929.
>
> While the 1929 bull market was at its height the rediscount rate was advanced to 6 per cent., effective August 9, 1929, from the figure of 5 per cent., which had been maintained from July 13, 1928.
>
> With the collapse of the stock-market speculation in the fall of 1929, the rediscount rate was reduced rapidly in an effort to relieve the strained financial situation and restore business confidence. On November 1, 1929, it was lowered from 6 per cent. to 5 per cent., and on November 15 from 5 per cent to 4½ per cent.
>
> The rate remained at 4½ per cent. until February, 1930, when, following a conference which George L. Harrison, governor of the local reserve bank, held with central bankers abroad, a vigorous easy-money policy was inaugurated in New York, Paris, and London.
>
> In pursuit of this policy the following reductions in the rediscount rate of the Federal Reserve Bank of New York were effected: On February 7, from 4½ per cent. to 4 per cent.; on March 14, from 4 per cent. to 3½ per cent.; on May 2, from 3½ per cent. to 3 per cent., and from June 20, from 3 per cent. to 2½ per cent.
>
> In connection with the latest change in rate, bankers said that the turn in business appeared to be not far off. It was remarked that a few evidences of improvement were discernible already, and that, more important still, the feeling of business and financial leaders, particularly outside of New York, was that better times could not be long delayed.
>
> In view of this frame of mind, it was said, the reduction in the rate should have a beneficial psychological effect.

"This demonstration of a supply of cheap money and abundant credit ought to give pause," suggests *The Times* editorially, "to those economists and public men who have been predicting dire things on account of what they call the 'scarcity' of gold":

> If credit is the life of trade, it is reassuring to have the accumulating evidence that gold as currency and as a standard of values is one thing, and that the reserves and resources of great banks, together with the piling up of savings by the people, which make available the means for extending credit largely and at low cost, are quite another.

ASIDE from the psychological effect, this move, says Paul Willard Garrett, financial editor of the New York *Evening Post*, "is medicine equally potent in its power to cure a specific economic malady now eating at the body industrial":

> Nine men in ten will find themselves cheered by this seventh successive cut in the rediscount rate without knowing exactly why.
>
> They will rightfully look on it as a bold expression of confidence by the Reserve authorities in the banking situation at a time when the country needs assurances.
>
> They will rightfully regard it as still another evidence of the Reserve's intention to exert its utmost influence toward recovery.
>
> They will rightfully read into the adoption of a rate so low an invitation to the rest of the world to take part of our surplus gold.
>
> Without knowing anything of technicalities nine men in ten will be encouraged by a move from the Reserve that in essence says it possesses a billion dollars in free gold available for any legitimate trade use.
>
> The secrecy with which the move was planned, its announcement just before the holidays, the unexpected break in the news at a season when sentiment was running low all contribute to these psychological benefits.

But even more important in Mr. Garrett's opinion is the benefit to the bond market:

> It is the consensus of well-informed men in the financial district that before any lasting recovery can come, bonds in this country must be restored to a better market. Indirectly business sooner or later must reach through the bond market to investors for funds with which to lay the foundations in industry for prosperity.
>
> Presumably banks will find in the new rate an added enthusiasm to enter the market for long-term issues. When prest to raise funds for emergencies, presumably they will move with greater caution in liquidating bond accounts, and turn with greater enthusiasm to the Reserve system for aid.
>
> Expressed in a homely way, the Reserve entertains no illusions of its ability to make the horse drink, but it is sweetening the invitation.

EARLIER reductions in the rediscount rate failed to stimulate business, *The Wall Street Journal* admits. Business and the markets seemed to be quite indifferent to "the persuasion of abundant money and easier rates." But this time it is different, we are told:

> It may be argued that there is not sufficient difference between a 2½ per cent. and a 2 per cent. rediscount rate of itself to induce additional borrowing.
>
> But it is largely in its opportuneness that the inauguration of such an extremely low rate for money will be most encouraging. Due to the Federal Reserve, New York will be experiencing, during the coming months, practically the cheapest rates ever available at this center.
>
> Unless all signs fail, the stage has now been reached in the convalescence of business when large supplies of available cheap credit must produce the traditional effect of stimulating new enterprise and measures of expansion.
>
> After eighteen months of business recession, there is every reason to feel that a turning-point can not be far away.

But some remain quite unenthusiastic.

Glenn Griswold of the Chicago *Journal of Commerce* suggests that "this move is purely for the sake of window-dressing."

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Similarly the New York *Journal of Commerce* insists that the reduction is "an idle gesture":

The expensiveness of borrowing for those who have the right kind of collateral or discountable paper has not been a factor in the situation for a long time. In the case of hard-prest banks, the problem they have had to face has been getting the portfolio that they actually possest rediscounted or sold at any price.

This condition is not changed or relieved by the lowering of rates, in the slightest degree.

As for the help to the bond market which it is claimed will come from this action, that also is imaginary. The lowering of rates that has taken place in the past has not helped the bond market at all, and under present conditions the cut that has now been made will not help it at all.

The bond market suffers from the dumping of bonds that banks have to get rid of in order to realize. If they could borrow on these bonds, the situation would be quite different. In practise, they have to sell the bonds to realize on them, and hence the weakness of the market.

The rate of discount at the Reserve Bank has nothing to do with it.

The probable reason for making this reduction is that it will improve the psychology of the situation which now exists. There is no reason why it should do that, because the present is a time when practical aid is called for.

"Psychology," good or bad, will not pay depositors or liquidate other obligations. What is wanted is something very practical—less talk and more actual aid.

Perhaps the most improving element in the psychological situation would be an exhibition of greater capacity for leadership in the effort to unite our banks throughout the country solidly in support of one another. This, more than anything else, would help to restore confidence and bring about a better tone in affairs.

There is a wide-spread feeling among bankers from many parts of the United States that the Reserve system is not aiding them or supporting them as it might.

Whether this feeling is well founded or not need not be considered just now. The point is that it exists, and that it is a very real obstacle in the way of current recovery of confidence, which means of business activity. The Reserve system ought to study this situation with a view to overcoming it.

Perhaps a conference of Reserve bankers might result in the adoption of some helpful policy—perhaps that helpful policy ought to be devised and carried from Washington into the several districts.

Whatever may be the decision on this point, the need is indisputable for the establishment of a better and more helpful relationship between the banks and the Reserve system.

THE reduction seems actually "regrettable" to Benjamin Baker, editor of *The Annalist*. He says:

So far as stimulation of business is concerned, the discount rate was already so low that further reduction could be only a gesture. So far as domestic conditions are concerned, a reduction in the rate was better than further buying of government securities, but except as a gesture it was needless. If the reduction was intended as an indirect support to the position of the Bank of England, it might be dissented from also on that ground.

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How Our Living Habits Make Business Jumpy

HOW to prevent these ups and downs of business, these exaggerated alternations of boom times and depression, is a subject now engaging the attention of bankers and economists everywhere.

While we are learning a great deal more about the business cycle which helps us to tell when the tide is going to turn one way or the other, the new President of the American Bankers Association, Mr. Rome C. Stephenson, doubts whether we can ever completely level out the business curve, or thoroughly restrain the business cycle. As he sees it, "depressions are largely the price of our own follies and, therefore, not easy to avoid." The point is that "they develop from extravagances which have marked progress of civilized nations always, and as yet there is no assurance that they will not appear and reappear at more or less regular intervals for long years to come."

And there is more than psychology to it, says the editor of *The American Bankers Association Journal* in the very issue containing Mr. Stephenson's statement.

Our habits of living have a good deal to do with keeping business jumping up or down, according to this editor:

Obviously one of the most formidable conditions in the way of the prevention of business depressions is the tendency of the people to congregate in the cities, and live tier upon tier in apartments. In this mode of life even the most prosperous of them are peculiarly sensitive to every trade-wind that blows. They have no food reserves of their own. The near-by delicatessen store has taken the place of the household larder from which the average family could sustain itself for months. When winter settled down, the old-fashioned family was in many important items of food three months ahead, whereas the average city dweller of to-day may be but three meals ahead. There is room for little more in the modern city apartment.

Living thus close to the margin of actual want, these millions have little power of resistance against the effects of business depressions. They are trembling aspen leaves to be agitated by every trade-wind—however slight—that blows.

Going along with that condition and constituting a part of the same phenomenon is the increase in the size of commercial and industrial units, which means that constantly increasing numbers of men and women are dependent upon constantly decreasing numbers of employers. And again the independence of the man is lessened by reason of the fact that his range of industrial activity often is narrowed down to one small operation, which facility is useless to him outside of the place where he is employed.

Industrial progress and development has, in the long run, achieved grandly in providing employment; but the American family has radically changed its mode of living to avail itself of that employment, and in changing it has lost some of its defensive powers, all of which—and much more besides—must be considered as we ponder out the way to keep good times with us always.

Why Jobs and Workers Don't Get Together

THERE is a job for every worker in the United States.

Does this surprize the reader? Well, it comes straight from Washington, where labor authorities, according to one of J. C. Royle's Consolidated Press dispatches, declare that there is plenty of work, that is, "if it were possible to bring the job and the applicant for it together."

Both labor authorities and economists in Washington banking circles agree, we are told, "that distribution of labor is as important as it is in the merchandising of any other commodity":

Labor is not mobile, and suffers severely from this handicap. Labor leaders are working to overcome this defect, and it is possible the transportation companies of the country will be asked to assist in laying out a program to prevent unemployment crises.

One thing that has kept the rate of employment as high as it is, according to Mr. Royle, is the development of the cheap automobile:

When artizans found jobs scarce in one locality, they loaded their tool-kit into a flivver and moved to some center where work was to be had.

This, of course, could not apply to family men who owned their own homes or had connections in their home cities they declined to break. But these were the kind of men the employers wanted to keep. They were released last and rehired first.

LABOR specialists are quoted to the effect that "if migratory workers could readily be moved, enough jobs would remain for the stay-at-home workers":

For many years it was customary for the railroads to wink at the fact that harvest hands rode from section to section fare-free in the summer and fall. Some similar policy might be arranged for future contingencies, the economists hope. This might be possible if the carriers could see a direct advantage outside the passenger-fare revenue.

But workers' lack of versatility is considered by employers even more of a problem than their lack of mobility. Many have been thrown out of jobs by new machinery or processes, who should have been able to adjust themselves to the new ways. Indeed, "their former employers say that if they had the mental and manual dexterity and alertness to become specialists in one type of operation, they should have little difficulty in becoming specialists in a similar operation."

Then there is a third difficulty in labor distribution which, we are told, "lies in the disinclination of workers to abandon one industry for another." For instance—

Hundreds of thousands of coal-miners have been idle or on part-time for years, because they would not venture into other fields.

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The same is true of textile workers, metal-miners, and a dozen other groups.

This was exemplified in Canada when thousands of idle coal-miners and textile hands, half-starved, were brought to the Prairie Provinces and placed on farms. They refused to stay on the farms, preferring semistarvation in their own crafts and in familiar surroundings.

What We Shall Be Like in 1950

BUSINESS men can not ignore carefully thought-out predictions of material and social changes in this country during the next generation.

And so *Tomorrow's Business* (New York), published by the Shaw-Walker Company, presents twenty definite prophecies made by the National Educational Association.

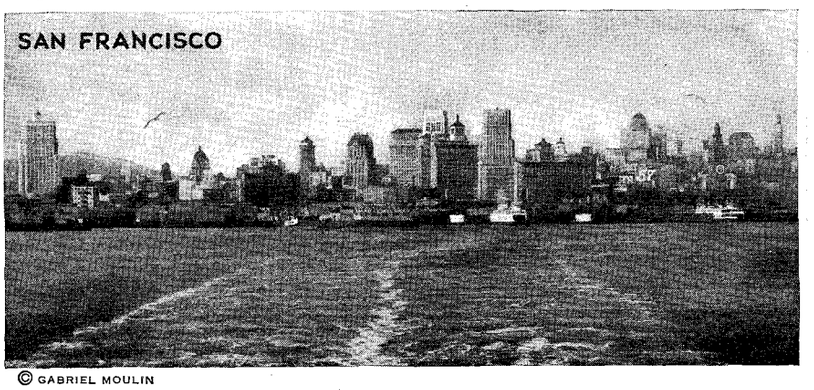
They are described as forming "interesting reading for any thoughtful business man, and are worthy of serious consideration as they touch on nearly all the major, social, and economic problems facing us to-day." And many of them "relate to the businesses for which we must make future plans."

On the material side, probable achievements by 1950 are listed as follows:

1. A system of health and safety that will practically wipe out preventable accidents and contagious diseases.
2. A system of housing that will provide for the masses homes surrounded by beauty, privacy, quiet, sun, fresh air, and play space.
3. A flat telephone rate for the entire country at moderate cost.
4. Universal air transportation at low cost.
5. A system of paved, beautiful highways will connect every part of the nation.
6. The further development of school buildings and playfields until they will exceed in nobility the architectural achievements of any other age.
7. The organization of industry, business and agriculture to minimize uncertainty and depression.
8. The perfection of the insurance system to give universal protection from disaster, unemployment, and old age.
9. The extension of national, state, and local parks to provide convenient recreation areas for all the people.
10. The perfection of community, city, and regional planning to give to all surroundings increasingly beautiful and favorable to the good life.
11. The shorter working week and day, so extended that there will be work for all.

ON the social side the probable achievements are summed up like this:

1. Hospitalization and medical care will be available for all who need them.
2. There will be a quickened appreciation of the home as a center of personal growth and happiness.
3. Educational service, free or at small cost, will be available from the earliest years of childhood throughout life.
4. The free public library will grow in importance, leading the way toward higher standards of maintained intelligence.
5. The nation will achieve an American standard of citizenship which means wholesome community life and clean government.
6. Crime will be virtually abolished by



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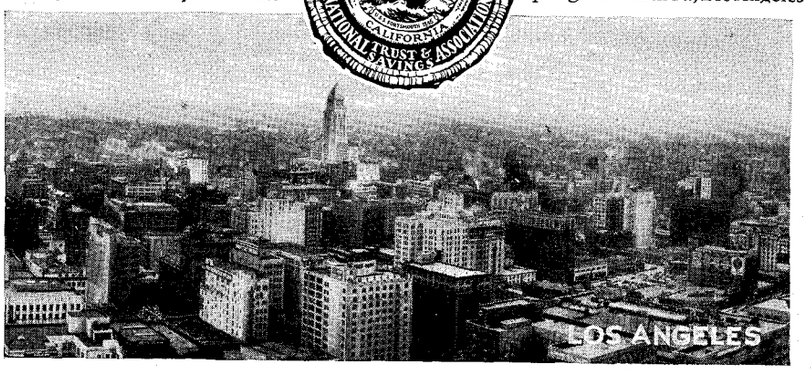

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transferring to the preventive processes of the school and education the problems of conduct which police, courts, and prisons now seek to remedy when it is too late.

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Should Brokers Be Protected from Customers?

WE have heard a great deal about setting up protection for traders in Wall Street.

But now, we note in the financial columns of the New York *Times*, "there has been an agitation in favor of some sort of insulation to separate the broker from the irresponsible actions of his customers." Perhaps a standard should be established for customers.

If *The Times* is to be believed, one trader, who has changed brokers several times in the last year, has suggested that prospective customers be required to answer a questionnaire reading like this:

How much are you prepared to risk in the stock market?

What are your financial resources?

Do you do as your broker tells you?

Have you ever profited by your speculation?

Do you lose your temper when a stock which you buy, on the recommendation of your broker, disappoints you?

What other brokerage accounts do you maintain, and what is your debit balance in each?

What is your normal reaction to a margin call?

"Rationalizing" Moving Day

THE terrors of moving day may some time be a thing of the past.

In Chicago real-estate owners and agents are eliminating the peak periods of rentals at May 1 and October 1, thereby, in the words of *The Economist*, "putting an end to an evil practise that has cost owners and tenants alike many millions of dollars." It is in difficult times like these, it adds, that economies are possible and imperative, and one of those economies is "the rationalizing of the moving period." It is said that in Chicago in 1929 only 28 per cent. of removals were in the peak period, with the rest well distributed throughout the year. As *The Economist* comments:

The wear and tear of moving-day hysteria on the frazzled nerves of apartment dwellers is an important but immeasurable factor.

The dollars involved are not subject to exact measurement, but the sum of them can be approximated, and they reach a staggering total.

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hotels had to be pushed to completion so that they were ready for occupancy either May 1 or October 1, or large losses resulted.

Furthermore, the rush of completing these buildings led to the acceptance of poor workmanship and inferior material. Owners and managers paid overtime prices for poor work at repairing and decorating, and tenants paid penalty prices for unsatisfactory van service.

The whole process developed a moving habit which was costly, and disturbed business relations. How costly this was is indicated by the fact that in recent years as many as 42 per cent. of the Chicago population moved each year. Probably 80 per cent. of this number could have avoided the inconvenience and cost of this moving, with economy to themselves and certainly with economy to the real-estate business.

Depression Causes Repeating Themselves

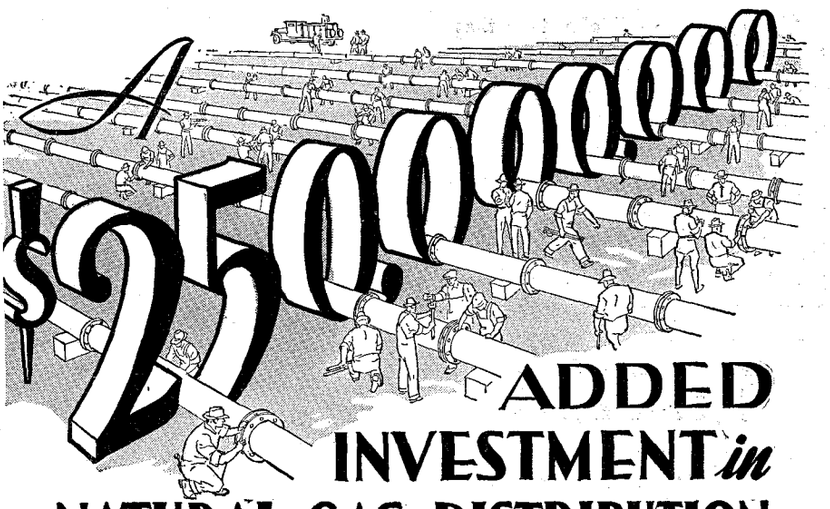
THE same troubles seem to be responsible for economic depression in the nineteenth and twentieth century, observes *The American Banker*, as it compares a recent analysis with another dating back to 1889. We are reminded that at the recent meeting of the International Chamber of Commerce at Paris, twelve causes of world-wide economic depression were listed as follows:

Overproduction.
Decline in commodity prices.
World agricultural crisis.
Industrial unemployment.
Political unrest.
Partial closing of several world markets, notably India and China.
Varied bases for monetary circulation.
Disequilibrium between short and long term credits.
Fall in silver prices.
"Dumping" of goods by Soviet Russia.
Unprecedented taxation to meet international indebtedness.
Excessive State participation in private enterprises.

ANOTHER cause advanced at the meeting, but not agreed on, was the uneven distribution of gold.

"But are things greatly different from what existed forty years ago?" *The American Banker* discerns a familiar ring in a quotation made by the economist Max Winkler in the New York *Evening Post* from a study made in 1889 by David A. Wells, tracing back the depression of that year to the displacement of capital in the Franco-Prussian War:

1. Heavy losses occasioned by destructive wars.
2. Excessive speculation.
3. Continuance of heavy expenditures in connection with the maintenance of armies and navies.
4. High tariffs and restrictive commercial policies of nations.
5. Unsettled international affairs and impending war.
6. Scarcity and appreciation of gold.
7. Depreciation of silver.
8. Unproductiveness of foreign loans.
9. Plethora of idle capital.
10. Overproduction.



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THE SPICE OF LIFE

(TITLE REGISTERED IN U. S. PATENT OFFICE)

Act Your Age.—"John, take that ink away from the baby."

"Eh?"

"He's too young to write a novel."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

Or Sinclair Lewis's.—TOM—"What do you think of Hoover's Pan-American policy?"

JERRY—"I thought the Pan-American policy was Mencken's."—*Lafayette Lyre.*

Economy Plus.—"Here comes the parade, and your Aunt Helen will miss it. Where is she?"

"She's up-stairs waving her hair."

"Mercy! Can't we afford a flag?"—*Kennebec Journal.*

Thankful for Small Favors.—"These cheer-up guys tell us to be contented with our lot."

"Well?"

"Even when it isn't a lot."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

Slice of the Old Ham.—FAT MAN (fondling baby)—"What do you think of my son, Jim?"

JIM (surveying father)—"Well, I'd say that he was a stave off the old barrel."—*Belle Hop.*

Horizontal Champ.—HEAVYWEIGHT BOXER—"The trouble is, doctor, that I can't sleep a wink."

DOCTOR—"You must practise auto-suggestion a little. Why not lie on your back, relax, and count slowly up to ten?"—*Humorist.*

Her Face Not Her Fortune.—CLIENT—"Can I have the photo of the lady with £50,000 dowry?"

MATRIMONIAL AGENT—"No photographs issued of ladies with dowries over £10,000."—*Lustige Blaetter.*

Ready for Anything.—MOVIE DIRECTOR—"Now, here is where you jump off the cliff."

NERVOUS ACTOR—"Yeah, but suppose I get injured or killed?"

MOVIE DIRECTOR—"Oh, that's all right. It's the last scene in the picture."—*Screenland.*

Right!—Little Lawrence was untidy. Tho his mother made every effort to encourage him, he seldom folded or hung his clothes after he had undrest for bed. One day his mother came into his bedroom and saw his clothes scattered all over the floor. "I wonder who it was that did not fold his clothes before he went to bed?" she asked. Little Lawrence pulled the bed-clothes over his head and answered: "Adam!"—*Boston Christian Register.*

Breaking Up.—"What is the best thing to do when the brakes of one's car give way?" asks a motoring correspondent. Hit something cheap.—*Everybody's Weekly.*

They Don't Satisfy.—A New Jersey doctor says there are fewer girl sopranos since women started smoking. That's the greatest argument we've heard in favor of women smoking.—*Southern Lumberman.*

Labor-Saver.—"Wouldn't you be surprized if I gave you a check for your birthday, Henry?"

"I certainly would, dear."

"Well, here it is, already made out, ready for you to sign."—*Chicago News.*

Husband (setting off to important function): "Where the deuce is my top hat?"

Wife: "Oh, dear—I forgot! It's now hole six in the children's nursery midget golf."

—"The Passing Show" (London).

Can't Eat Jewelry.—"You sometimes find a pearl in an oyster stew," remarked the waiter, pleasantly.

But the customer only grunted.

"I'm looking for oysters."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

Go 'Way Back and Sit Down.—The head waiter of the Ritz-Carlton is justly famous for his politeness on all occasions. Recently he noticed one of his guests standing in a corner surreptitiously pocketing several knives and forks. "Won't you have a chair?" he said with a grandiloquent gesture.—*Lampoon.*

Better Blow a Horn.—An employer who believed in supporting all efforts to introduce a new spirit into industry had called his men together to place before them his plans for bettering working conditions.

"Now, whenever I enter the workshop," he said, "I want to see every man cheerfully performing his task, and therefore I invite you to place in this box any suggestions as to how that can be brought about."

A few days later he opened the box and took out a slip of paper on which was written: "Take the rubber heels off your shoes."—*Montreal Star.*

Slips That Pass in the Night

And How!—PLAN OF PROPOSED $4,000,000 TRENTON BRIDE IS APPROVED.—*Philadelphia Record.*

Strong Medicine.—

MAN HIT WITH BAR
REPORTED IMPROVED

—*Elmira (N. Y.) Star-Gazette.*

All Broken Up.—

ELBA MAN'S MACHINE
STRUCK TELEPHONE POLE
BOTH IN A HOSPITAL

—*Batavia (N. Y.) paper.*

Strange Hybrid.—

PORK LION ROAST
Any size cut lb. 23c.

—*San Antonio Light.*

Getting into Step.—BATON ROUGE, La. (A.P.)—John Schexnayder, eighty-two, has just learned the war between the States is over and manufacture of liquor is forbidden by law. Barefooted, the backwoods man said in court he had been making liquor for fifty years. He was placed on prohibition for five years.—*Wenatchee (Wash.) World.*

Rounding Up the Lambs.—ESTRAY NOTICE—Any one having a wife or husband, son or daughter, son-in-law or daughter-in-law, or father-in-law or mother-in-law or any other dear relative estray in the autumn evenings, will if they are anxious about these wanderers probably find them parked on my lot, in Clear Lake Villas. Those financially or otherwise responsible for these strays must either pay for stray space, furnish bail, or pay fine for trespass.

Will be glad to furnish inquirers with number of car or other information that will lead to recovery of these wandering ones.—*Ad in a Lakeport (Calif.) paper.*

Shine, Mister?—As an auspice of beatitude to the community, as an omnipotent daily utilized novelty, as a pioneer of the scientifical element, as a security to metal, as a short out to the way of prosperity in the commercial world, as an agent to economy of both time and money, is the newly discovered wonderful Polishing Powder that to be heartily welcomed wherever.

Despite the heavy sacrifice of capital and the consumption of brains, we have thereby succeeded in researching out the usage of this Polishing Powder.

We lose no promptitude in taking the opportunity to recommend to the attention of the community. This Polishing Powder is the conqueror.—*Circular of Chinese company, forwarded by a Digest scout in Macao.*

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